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AN AMERICAN STUDENT
IN FRANCE

By the Same Author

IN THE LAND OF THE
STRENUOUS LIFE.

Illustrated with portraits and
views. Large 8vo. \$2.00 net.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO

1844

TO THE
ALBION



VIEW OF THE PONT ALEXANDRE III AND THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES
SEEN FROM THE GRAND PALAIS

AN
AMERICAN STUDENT
IN FRANCE

BY

ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN

OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
OF PARIS

*Author of "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," "The
Politico-Religious Crisis in France," etc.*

AUTHOR'S TRANSLATION

WITH TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS



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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS
IN HARVARD
AND
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

227655

P R E F A C E

KING Midas's barber, wishing to keep very carefully a secret that had been confided to him, dug a hole in the ground and buried it; but, so the story goes, reeds sprang up there which, when agitated by the wind, repeated the words. I know a better hiding-place than that for a secret,—the preface of a book. Nobody sees what is written there, because nobody ever reads it. I can therefore safely disclose here a fact concerning this book: it was not written by a student of Chicago; its author is neither a schoolboy nor a citizen of Chicago. He is too old to go to school, except to teach there; and the name of the city where he lives is Paris. I alone am guilty, *me, me adsum qui feci*.

And since a fault confessed is half pardoned, I venture to count upon your indulgence, American reader. My French readers have not been over severe, and if a show of modesty were not essential to an author who would

PREFACE

seduce his public, I might even go so far as to say that the original French edition of this book has been rather well received. I have heard but a single criticism, which is not much, I think.

But that criticism is a somewhat serious one. They say here that my Chicago college boy is not genuine. They insist that young Americans who come to France find something else to occupy them than our political and religious controversies. The music halls attract them more than the lecture halls, and the cabarets of Montmartre more than the gatherings of men-of-letters. When they go out of Paris to visit other parts of France, it is rather to the seashore and to the great watering-places — to Aix les Bains and to Trouville — than to the old chateaux of the provinces.

There may possibly be something in that view, since it has come to me from all sides ; but I can safely affirm that I often meet Americans in the most serious circles, both in and out of Paris, where not only are they very welcome, but also cut a very good figure. Again, if it is true that your people rarely frequent the sort of manor houses I have described, that is not such a great

PREFACE

disadvantage; the book is thereby made the more interesting to foreign readers, since it describes what they are apt to know the least about, and since it will serve to show them that under our apparent French frivolity — all too much in evidence on a superficial view — there is a serious and honest basis, and that behind the France which amuses its guests there is a France capable of addressing itself to their most elevated emotions.

On the other hand you will see that I have not concealed our faults; if I fear anything on this score, it is that I have too much insisted upon them, having had in view especially to assist my compatriots in an examination of their conscience. But, as so often happens in such a case, in place of examining their own conscience, they have been inclined to examine another people's — namely, yours; so that they have declared to me that there is not to be found in all America a student so virtuous and clever as my young hero. I am quite sure that they are mistaken about that, as I found last Summer during a very agreeable sojourn of four months in the United States. From California to

PREFACE

Massachusetts I saw many universities, and had the especial good fortune to meet intimately some students of Chicago and of Harvard; it is but true to say that I found in both places young men with minds open to the consideration of the highest problems of science, of art, and of moral and religious life. I recall with particular pleasure some college clubs and fraternities where I met students quite equal or even superior to Lionel J. Ferguson.

I know the defects of this book better than anybody else, but I shall take very good care not to expose them all in this preface, for fear of getting myself into trouble with my publisher. I will state two of them: it speaks only of certain parts of France, and perhaps it manifests too clearly the particular pre-occupation of the moment at which I wrote.

But I could not speak of every part of France. I chose therefore some places known to everybody — Paris, Versailles, Rouen, — and some other places visited by nobody — hidden corners of Quercy, Tarn, and Auvergne, where one can see, along with charming and curious landscapes, the most striking examples of our ancient manners.

PREFACE

If much attention is given to the politico-religious discussions of the moment, and notably to the separation of Church and State, pray remember that the questions involved are among the most important which have arisen in France in a century, and that it was of especial interest to our imaginary visitor to be present at one of the crises of our national history. I shall be very happy if I have been able in this way to contribute something toward making the two countries that I love the most—France and the United States—know each other better and love each other more, so that they may reciprocally augment what is best in each and diminish whatever in either is bad.

I hope now that, if anybody happens to read this preface, he will acquire the conviction that this is a very meritorious little book—in the opinion of its author. It remains to be seen how it will please its American readers; but that is another story.

FELIX KLEIN

BELLEVUE, NEAR PARIS,
February, 1908

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AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE

CHAPTER I

PARIS

First View of the Capital—Mismanagement of Tramways and Omnibuses—Careers Open to French Gentlemen—Young Frenchmen's Views on Republicanism and Monarchy—A Lecture on Religion and Democracy—A Debate on the Separation of Church and State.

PARIS! What a name to conjure with! How many books I have read about it, and how delighted I was to question those travellers who had been there! To us it is both Athens and Rome; and until we have seen it our education remains unfinished, our happiness incomplete. One longs for it as for Paradise; and hence the saying that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, and bad ones while they live." How often during my walks by the shores of Lake Michigan, in Jackson Park, or on our boulevards, have I dreamt of the enchanting city! The avenues that we passed going from the St. Lazare Station to our little hotel near the Arc de Triomphe are very gay

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and so different from anything that we have at home.

My mother was so glad to see me. She had insisted on accompanying my father to Europe, having been over only twice and not having made any long stay in Paris. They have spent four delightful months here. My father has already finished his inquiry into social questions, the mission which had been intrusted to him by the University. All doors have been opened to him, and every facility accorded for studying the many works of both public and private enterprise. He tells me that, on the whole, charitable institutions are more numerous over here than with us, but that they are less concerned than we are in teaching the needy to help themselves. Their methods are more charitable than educational. Still, there are signs of a marked advance in this matter, for until now, as an eminent thinker, Monsieur de Lapparent, has happily expressed it, in the social army the French have been chiefly occupied with the ambulance department.

It is very annoying that my father will be obliged to cross the water again in a few weeks' time. He must be present at the "commencement" of the University, when

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he has to make a speech. I should have profited so much by his companionship. Apropos of "commencement," I astonished the French by telling them that this is the term we use for the final ceremony of the scholastic year, and I must own, with them, that it is rather a strange one. But I differ from them in thinking that we are wanting in family affection. I have spent such a charming afternoon with my parents, and they were longing to hear so many things about the two dear little sisters who have remained behind with their French governess! To hear people talk over here, one would think that we could not love one another when at a distance.

After a long chat we had tea, and then took a carriage from the hotel. My father soon left us, as he had an appointment with the Director of the Assistance Publique, and it was my mother who had the pleasure of showing me Paris. The weather had cleared, and the blue sky was dotted over with fleecy clouds.

All that I had been told about Paris fell far short of the reality. The vistas seen from the Place de l'Étoile are wonderfully grand; all the avenues leading out from it lose themselves in infinite distance; and I can understand why royal visitors make their entry from

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this side of the city. Within the last few years the King of Spain, the King of Italy, the King of England, and the Czar of Russia have passed this way. The French apparently admire monarchy in their neighbors. The enthusiasm they displayed during the visits of these sovereigns appears to me to be rather unworthy of a democracy. Still, I ought not to forget that we, in our turn, were quite as snobbish as regards Prince Henry of Prussia, who was merely the brother of an Emperor.

In the middle of the Place de l'Étoile there rises a triumphal arch under which the body of Victor Hugo rested on the eve of his public funeral. Napoleon passed under it when returning from his victorious campaigns, and one of the avenues bears the name of the Grande Armée. It was by this road, too, that his enemies followed him in 1814, and under which the Prussians passed in 1871. The triumphal route continues as far as the Place de la Concorde, where Louis XVI was guillotined. In the middle of it stands an obelisk brought from Egypt. A little farther on is the Louvre, the residence of the former kings of France. In front of it stretches a large garden on the site of the Palace of the Tuileries,

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which was burnt down by the Communists. The memory of these souvenirs would be oppressive, were it not that the beauty of the prospect, the spring-like grace of the trees and flowers, and the harmonious expanse of the horizon shed a sense of sweet tranquillity over all this history. It is well that Nature and Art have veiled these bygone deeds of men, just as the moss, so beloved by Ruskin, renders a ruin poetic and strengthens the crumbling stones. On this my first day in Europe, it is only natural that I should feel a thrill of emotion.

The drive down the Champs-Élysées does not damp my ardor; it is so lovely that I do not find the name an exaggeration. Just before arriving at the Concorde, we turn to the right, cross the Avenue Nicolas II and the Pont Alexandre III. These souvenirs of the Czars displease me, but I do not stop to speak of them. The two palaces at the sides of the avenue are miracles of ancient art and modern convenience. They date from the last exhibition; our world's fairs have left no such traces. Nothing seems impossible to French taste. In order to show off their motor cars they construct Athenian temples, and in the evening the colossal vaulted roofs are draped and

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illuminated with such fine garlands that they recall the boudoirs of the eighteenth century ; and all is in perfect harmony.

On the other side of the bridge a wide esplanade leads to the Hôtel des Invalides, which is three hundred years old, but still looks quite fresh. It is surmounted by a dome similar to that of our Capitol, but with purer and more harmonious lines. This dome is covered with gold, but no one could tell me its cost. In the very centre, under the cupola, is the tomb of Napoleon, and his body really rests there. What genius, what power! and yet, comparing the result and development of their action, George Washington's memory seems to me far grander.

We arrive at the Pont de la Concorde. Behind us is the Palais Bourbon, where the deputies hold their sittings. Before us is a large place bordered by other palaces ; then a street, still called Royale, and at the end of it the Church of St. Madeleine, which Napoleon built as a temple to his goddess Victory. We leave our carriage and ascend the terrace of the Tuileries. In the distance we see the Arc de Triomphe, which resembles a giant mirror in a drapery of cloud, tinted red and violet by the rays of the setting sun. All is bathed in

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a crimson glory, and the Seine on our left is like a golden stream, while the hills, wrapped in mist, serve as a background to the blazing sky.

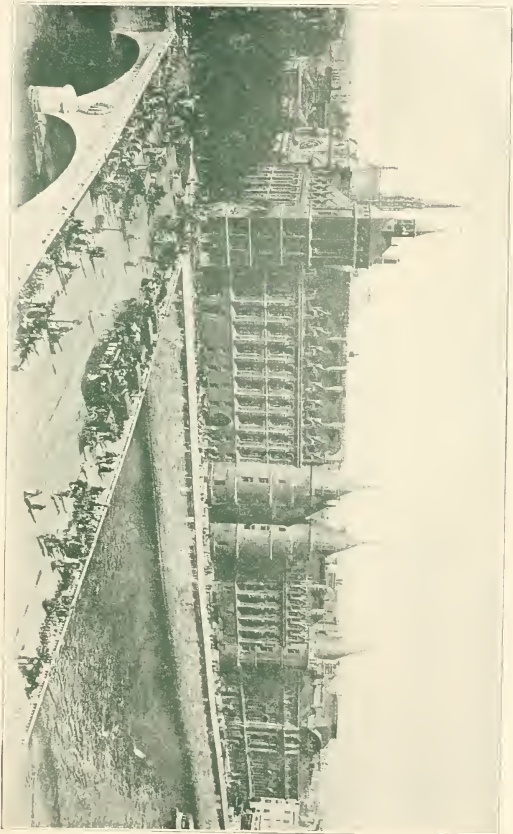
My mother, less *naïve*, or perhaps more accustomed to the sight, rouses me from my reverie and reminds me that it is time to return. We go down to the subway or Metropolitan, and in a few minutes reach the Place de l'Étoile. This railway is admirable. You have only to show your ticket on entering, and as many travellers as the train will hold can take their places. The trains are frequent, and the stoppages short. In fact, it is quite American.

But the other means of transport are the most old-fashioned in the world. The tramway cars and the omnibuses have different prices according to the classes, and often the cheapest place is the best; for instance, the outside of the omnibus, or the *impériale* as it is called, is the only bearable place in summer. But elegant people, especially ladies, cannot go up without compromising themselves, for the simple reason that the *impériale* costs three cents, and the inside six. What is more astonishing still is that, for precisely similar carriages and places, there are very

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different tariffs, and they appear to vary according to the districts. But what strikes me most in the Parisian omnibuses is their slowness and the circuitousness of their routes. Some of them have even inspired certain songs. "Where," says an old ballad, "are the snows of former years," and all other vanished things? "Where," adds the witty Parisian, pitying those who have embarked on so long a journey, "are the unfortunates who took the Panthéon-Courcelles?"

Another incredibly strange custom is the fashion of distributing numbers to the travellers and not allowing them to mount until they have been called. The first day I imagined this had something to do with passports. As the whole series must be gone through, and as many numbers are frequently missing, one can imagine how much time is lost in that way. Moreover, the same ceremony recommences at each station, and one often sees fifteen or twenty applicants awaiting their turn. Very often, too, when the omnibus arrives it is either full or perhaps has only one vacant place. In fact, their number is often limited to a dozen persons comfortably seated, when it would easily hold double if, as with us, passengers were allowed to stand. But I see my notes



THE CONCIERGE, PARIS

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are becoming as tedious as my subject, so I will break off.

For it is tiresome to write about nothing. As to the sights of Paris, all I could relate would interest no one. Suffice it to say, then, that I tired myself out in visiting as many buildings as possible. Perhaps Europeans are not far wrong in ridiculing our mania for seeing everything.

On the other hand, if I simply record what I think may please others, I shall soon be reduced to silence. What am I to do, then? After all, this is not a manual of geography or of social science. As a rule you note down what strikes you whenever you have a leisure moment. Two years ago, when I visited the Rocky Mountains, my notebook was blank on those days when I was tired with all the wonderful sights I had seen, while the leisure days were filled with uninteresting events. This was perhaps the reason why "Smith's Magazine" refused to accept it. So I must manage otherwise with my travels in France. But how am I to proceed? Well, the end will show. *Vive la liberté!*

I dined out for the first time with Bernard de Pujol. Allow me to introduce him. I

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have nothing very good to say about him; but, as he is modest, he will not mind that. Still it would be very unjust to say anything harmful. He has excellent qualities, but he makes no use of them. I love him very much, however, because he is gentle, obliging, refined, and he loves me also. At twenty-four years of age — three years older than I — he is maturer than I am, but at the same time he is less of a man. I think that he has not my energy. Although he reads a great deal, he does not work at all — that appears to him wearisome. He told me he had tried it formerly, but had not been able to do anything. I have often reproached him with his inaction; he was not the least angry, nor has it had any effect upon him. To us this seems quite extraordinary. Still, Bernard is capable of one kind of effort, and that is travelling. By this means he has escaped being a complete nonentity.

Having early come into possession of a large fortune, he went to Oxford, where without overworking himself he adopted English manners and broader ideas. Later, he crossed the ocean and visited nearly all the States, besides Canada and a part of Mexico. I met him in California, and we travelled over part of

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Arizona and New Mexico. He has made short cruises round Scotland, Norway, and the eastern part of the Mediterranean. He has also been to India. The French are such stay-at-home folks that these different travels have given my friend a certain prestige.

But what extraordinary fellows his friends are! There were several of them at dinner, and others came in later. We discussed many subjects. I don't want to be severe on them, as it appears they liked me. Bernard told me how astonished they were to find that I was cultured and well-bred. They admired my ideas in general, my notions of art and my knowledge of literature. The truth is, but of course I do not boast of it, I knew much more than they did. But what is there so extraordinary in that? Are we Indians? One of the rare things which displease one in France is to see one's country so little known and so misjudged in consequence. I do not know how it is with other foreigners, but, for my part, I object to this ignorance concerning the efforts we make in the way of instruction of every kind and for the education of the race. Why, the Europeans send us their worst subjects, and of these we make our good citizens; and with all this they take us for savages!

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But don't let us get excited. Besides, this indignation is not appropriate to the genial and pleasant tone of the evening I am speaking of. After discussing various topics, the conversation turned on women, and, as far as I could gather, on those of doubtful reputation. From a delicate motive, which earned my gratitude, Bernard declared laughingly that I was not "that sort of a fellow"; but he added — what pleased me less, though it is perhaps true — that I must not be judged by the many Americans who seek in the Old World examples and opportunities of practising a loose code of morals — vice over here decking itself in a more alluring and refined guise. Happily they began to talk of other things, chiefly of *carrière* and politics.

It has taken me some time to realize what is implied by their word *carrière*. Just as a traveller steps into a carriage when starting on a journey, so is the young Frenchman made to embrace a career for the whole of his life; and he has no more idea of leaving it before his death than you would be tempted to quit the train before arriving at your destination. Only it should be remarked that, except for some untoward accident, at the end of his career he is entitled to a pension; and this is for

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him the ideal state. The sooner he gets his pension — that is, the sooner he gets paid for doing nothing — the happier he esteems himself. Now, in order to have a successful career, one must never leave the beaten track, — so weak in this country is the love of initiative and independence! There is also the way of entering a career and advancing in it. An inquiry into the merits of the respective candidates would be too delicate a matter; that is replaced by recommendations. As there are a hundred candidates for each post, the choice is made among those whose patrons are most numerous and most influential. On this account public offices, the number of which is incredible, are recruited almost entirely from journalists, deputies, and other politicians. Clans of this kind may be found among us, but in a far less degree on account of the little importance we attach to public life and to its official management.

I asked Bernard's friends what occupation they had, and nearly all replied that they had none. I asked what they intended doing, to which they replied that they did not know — that they were waiting for a change of government, that at the present time all careers were closed to young men in their station.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE

This really surprised me, and I sought for some explanation. At the risk of appearing indiscreet, I asked them if the present government hindered them from being architects, professors, doctors, surgeons, lawyers, engineers, bankers, merchants, or manufacturers. They looked at each other astonished, and did not answer. Bernard began laughing, and patting me on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Ah, these Americans!" And he promised to explain later.

Now that I know more of the ideas of French society, I can understand what effect my words produced. The young men were well-bred enough to drop the subject, but I persistently returned to the charge; and having ascertained that not even one of the so-called liberal professions was represented in the group, I asked the reason. There was a moment's hesitation, and then Bernard explained. "One may take up agriculture," he said; "and formerly there was the army, but now it is mixed up with politics. There remains the diplomatic career, but that costs a good deal, and there is not room for every one; without reckoning that, there is also politics.—Oh, you really cannot understand what all this means, but it is the root of



THE OBELISK IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

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all the mischief." And we began to discuss politics.

I was delighted to hear this subject discussed, as I had never yet been able to comprehend from afar what really was passing in France. I must own that, when near, it was just as obscure.

This obscurity, it is true, would not be so impenetrable if I simply relied on the ideas which these young fellows disclosed before me. According to them, "Le mal c'est la République; le remède c'est la Monarchie." All was summed up in these two aphorisms: "A republic true to its principles can have neither a strong army, nor sound finances, nor real justice, nor any permanent order; no real republic fulfils the inherent functions of a government. — Everywhere the Republic has sown disorder, impiety, destruction, persecution, terror." They showed me a catechism entitled "The Royalist's Manual," in which I read this question and answer:

"What is Republicanism?"

"Republicanism is a collection of social errors, which infallibly cause the moral and material ruin of a State."

As I could not forbear exclaiming, they were kind enough to explain that all this had

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no connection with the United States, since our Constitution was not really republican; whereupon I was so astonished that I think I was at a loss for a reply. I then substituted facts for principles, thinking that on this ground we might understand each other better. I said:

“Here you have had more than thirty years of republican government; never since the Revolution has one of your governments lasted so long. Perhaps it would be better to make the best of it.”

To which they replied that the Republic was essentially bad and there was no possibility of its improvement; which I found hard to understand, being accustomed to identify a republic with its representatives, and believing that it could be changed if they were. But my interlocutors were very far from this opinion, and it seemed to me that they considered all these questions rather in the abstract, looking upon the government and the national representatives rather from a philosophical and historical standpoint, and without any relation to the actual state of their country. Besides, they believe that this state of things will soon undergo a thorough transformation. “*La République se meurt*” is the standing phrase in which for the last

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thirty years certain Frenchmen have been pleased to sum up their political ideas.

Once persuaded that Bernard's friends desired the overthrow of the Republic, I asked them how they thought of accomplishing it. They owned that they had no idea. I admired this frankness and tried to lead the way to a more satisfactory response. "It will," I said in all good faith, "doubtless be by gaining over the majority of the nation, and thus getting a parliament elected which will put a prince upon the throne."

"No," I was told; "there is no question of sending a royalist majority to the Chambers. We know by experience that majorities are quite incapable of forming anything new. We must organize a stanch minority and await one of those stormy crises of which the Republic is so prodigal, for its principle is anarchy and division. Then the machinery for the restoration of the Monarchy will be forged of itself. It will be one man or a group of men, some delegate or other of the public power. It matters little whether he be a soldier or a civilian; he will act either by calculation or conviction: to save France if he has any sense of honor; and if he has not, well, then, for other motives."

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE

It was impossible for me to know if Bernard's friends were or were not jesting, I had heard so much of French irony! But he declared in a low voice that they were speaking seriously, and that if I appeared to doubt them they might take it amiss. In order to be perfectly frank, I said that we held other views about the respect due to our laws, especially about that due to our Constitution; and I continued my queries. But on the whole they did but repeat what I have just written. This makes it easier for me to accustom my mind to such novel ideas. I appeared, as indeed I was, so interested that Bernard told me to take away a copy of "The Royalist Manual," in which I should find the substance of the whole conversation. I must own that I have found it useful in writing down the notes which precede. Any American who desires to read it will find himself transported as far from his native country as if he had passed from the Falls of Niagara to the Cascade in the Bois de Boulogne.

The next time I saw Bernard I could not help reverting to the same subject. According to his usual habit of divining what I meant rather than of listening, he exclaimed, almost before I had finished my sentence :

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“I see what you are driving at. It vexes you that my friends should have conceived such an idea of the Republic as makes it impossible for the same word to suit your form of government. Well! they are not the only ones.”

“What! You also? You who have seen for yourself—”

“I? It is all the same to me! I simply wish to say that over here republicans as well as monarchists, and democrats as well as conservatives, think that in the United States you understand nothing whatever about either a republic or a democracy.”

“Indeed?”

“And I could easily make you see this, or rather hear it. But for that purpose it would be necessary to take you to some meetings, and that would rather bore me. You wish it, you young tyrant? Very well, I will do so!”

Two days afterwards he took me to a lecture on “Religion and Democracy,” given by the citizen Busch at the Social Science Institute.

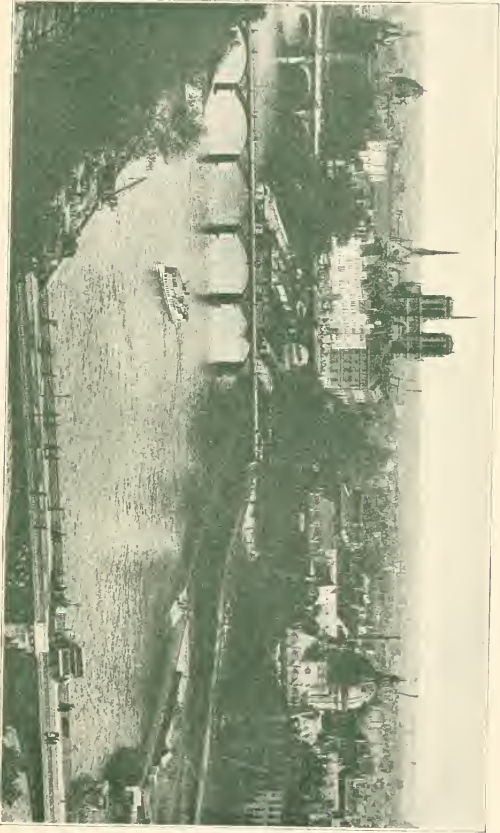
I was deeply interested. The lecturer, one of the most influential men of the party in

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE

power, gave us a very comprehensive synthesis of the role played by Christianity in the evolution of democracy. The first part of his discourse admirably set forth the idea that the Gospel, by insisting on the value of the soul and the conception of one God, the Universal Father, has favored, beyond all that can be said, those two sentiments on which true democracy reposes: belief in equality, and respect for the individual man.

In the second part, which was unfortunately very short, he affirmed, almost without attempting to prove it, that the Roman Church, after having rendered incontestable services to democracy, had become during the last century its most formidable enemy, and that if the societies of the present day wished to progress, if they wished even to live, they must first completely extirpate every Catholic idea, nay, to speak frankly, every Christian idea.

After the lecture a discussion took place, which is not worth repeating at length. I was, however, extremely surprised to hear the lecturer — whose moderation had been great when he was the only speaker — give utterance, one after another, to the most intolerant assertions. Thus he declared faith to



PANORAMIC VIEW OF PARIS

1890

PARIS

be an abdication of intelligence ; prayer, an offence to human dignity ; religious discipline, slavery ; the celibacy of priests, a monstrosity, incompatible with aptitude for teaching and even with the simple rights of a citizen. Finally M. Busch replied to a questioner who asked whether one could in the primary school base moral instruction on the belief in the existence of God : “ Well, no ! One must have the courage to say so ; a belief in God is incompatible with the spirit of democracy.”

Bernard nudged me in triumph :

“ Well, well ! Did I not tell you so ? ”

I do not know how I, a young foreigner, had the audacity to do it, but irritated by these absurd allegations as well as by the mocking air of my friend, I burst forth indignantly :

“ There are, however, democracies in which the people believe in God, and where even the chief members of the government render public homage to Him ; in the United States, for example, and I have a right to speak — ”

“ That is not a true democracy,” answered M. Busch, without allowing me to finish.

A part of the audience overwhelmed him with applause ; and I was forced to consider

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myself refuted, because, the hour being late, the meeting was at once closed.

Bernard did not crow over me. He contented himself with asking if his friends were so very wrong in refusing the name of democracy and republic to the United States. I replied that all that had been said only revealed the fact that neither they nor Citizen Busch had the least idea of what a democracy was, adding, "Besides, the lecturer did not even once mention the Republic."

"Come, come!" said Bernard, "I see that that experience was not enough for you. Are you free on Sunday at four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"It is not to take you to Bostock's, alas! but into a second veritable den of ideas. I will write to Paul Hortis."

M. Paul Hortis received us with a most winning smile. As the meeting had not yet begun, he pointed out several important personages who were seated on either side of a long table. Round them was gathered an audience of about fifty people, composed of very thoughtful-looking ladies and some professors and students, two or three pastors, and as many Catholic priests. There were also

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present M. Busch and two other deputies, one a former Minister and leader of the Socialist party, three members of the Institute, and several celebrated professors belonging to the different faculties. It appears it was an assembly of rather an unusual kind in France, where persons holding different opinions seldom meet together; and Bernard explained that many among the audience were known for their frankly religious attitude, whilst others were notorious for the violence of their anticlericalism.

Religion, here also, seemed the order of the day. Certainly they speak of nothing else in France.

M. Hortis began with a summary of the preceding discourse, the subject of which was "The Church and the Republic." He reported with impartiality what each one had said. Two professors of the Catholic Institute had maintained that the Church has no antipathy to the republican form of government — they themselves adhered to it with all their hearts, and the majority of their students, both priests and laymen, were of their opinion. An anticlerical member of the French Academy had, on the contrary, demonstrated that the Church was a terrible danger to the institutions

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of the country. The ideas expressed were so totally unfamiliar to me that for fear of misrepresenting them I will now copy my notes, word for word, as I took them down :

“The Church has irrevocably judged and condemned you,” said M. A. F., addressing the Ministers of the Republic, “and she is hastening the moment to execute her sentence. You are her vanquished ones, her prisoners. Day by day does she increase her army of occupation ; day by day does she extend her conquests. She has taken the bulk of your commerce ; she takes possession of entire towns and besieges factories ; she has, as you well know, her secret correspondence with your Government, your Ministry, your tribunals, and with those in command of your army. The temporal government of the popes, which was a shame to humanity, is that which your Church openly labors to establish among you. She wishes to make France a province of the Universal Pontifical States.”¹

Without being very familiar with the ins and outs of affairs in this strange land, I think there must be a certain amount of exaggeration in the fears of this M. A. F.

¹ Anatole France, “L’Église et la République,” pp. 118, 119.

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M. Paul Hortis, having ended his official report, requested M. Beauleroy, a political economist, to speak on the *régime* of Separation in the United States. I then heard statements singularly flattering to my self-esteem. M. Beauleroy, whilst rejoicing that they had separated the Church from the State in France, expressed his regret that they had not shown the spirit of justice and liberty which presides among us in the relations of the public powers with the different sects. He plainly showed us what he called "the confiscations and the narrowness of the French Law," in taking from the religious associations the property they had received for charity and education, not even leaving them the ownership of the buildings for public worship, and subjecting even the language of their preachers to the supervision of the civil authorities.

These words excited many murmurs and interruptions on all sides.

Some one cried out, "But we cannot leave the Republic defenceless before the attacks of Rome."

"The Republic itself has nothing to fear from liberty," replied M. Beauleroy, "and the proof is that in the United States —"

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“We are not in the United States,” several voices shouted out.

“Come, come!” said M. Paul Hortis, mildly, “and we are not in the Chamber either. We have asked M. Beauleroy, who has just come from America, to tell us about the legislation regarding public worship in that country. We can think what we like about it, but we must hear what he has to say.”

This call to order met with nothing but approbation, and the meeting resumed its attitude of courteous attention.

M. Beauleroy entered into the minutest details of the system of absolute freedom enjoyed by our religious sects. There was nothing new to me in all this, but the audience appeared very much surprised on hearing that our religious societies can engage in teaching and charitable works without any restraint (as if this were not natural!) and that we even exempt from taxation not only churches but the schools of the different sects, the seminaries, orphanages, and *salles de patronage*, almost all more or less connected with religious propaganda. The astonishment increased when he said that if our tribunals have to judge between individuals or groups of the same sect about certain conflicts of a half-temporal,



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

1871
1872
1873

PARIS

half-spiritual order, they refer the matter to the general discipline of the individual churches, in the same way that they would, in the case of any other society, refer the matter in question to the articles of the statutes. But surprise bordered on indignation when the lecturer pointed out that the choice of the directors of the societies for public worship was left entirely to the option of the different churches, the State confining itself to granting the persons a suitable charter, or, in some cases, allowing them to do without one. He showed, by way of example, how the Catholic parishes are, as regards temporal matters, sometimes owned and administered by the bishop alone, but more frequently by a council of five persons, consisting of the bishop, his vicar-general, the rector, and two laymen nominated by them.

In spite of the praiseworthy efforts of M. Hortis, this explanation provoked another tempest, in which I heard these extraordinary words uttered simultaneously by many voices :

“ But those are not republican laws.”

“ There you have it,” cried Bernard. “ And now, my dear fellow, if you are not enlightened I resign my office. The United States a republic, a democracy? What humbug,

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE

young man! In our days such fables are no longer believed in France."

He was so pleased that I could not silence him, and I understood nothing of the end of the debate. In any case, I had heard enough to bewilder me, and when leaving M. Hortis, I could not help exclaiming rather rudely, "In politics the French are mad!"

"And what about yourselves?" replied Bernard. "We are not the only ones."

CHAPTER II

THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

Chevreuse—Port-Royal—Relics of the Abbey—Fontainebleau—Hôtel de Pompadour—Down the Seine by Meudon, Bellevue, Sèvres, Saint Cloud, Suresnes, to Bellevue Funiculaire—Some Conversation on the Inspiration of the Bible.

IT is not easy for me to describe Port-Royal, the famous abbey of the Jansenists: first, because it no longer exists; and then, I took no notes the day I went.

It was more like a pleasure trip, in spite of the recollections evoked by the austere name. "It is time to rest a little now," Bernard had said. "One cannot spend one's life in looking at monuments, listening to Busch after Beau-leroy, and dining out. Enough of museums, churches, lectures, and society. I shall take you to-morrow a thousand miles from Paris and the twentieth century. But there will be some Americans, and a surprise. You do not object?"

The next day at eleven o'clock, the sky radiant, we arrived, a small band of compatriots,

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at the pretty little station of Saint-Remy-lez-Chevreuse. There were ten of us: a doctor of Yale with his three sisters, a Philadelphia banker and his wife and daughter, a Cambridge student, Bernard de Pujol, myself, and — the surprise.

I do not know why he had given this irreverent name to young Abbé Lagrange, his old college chum, whom he had invited. The Abbé had an open countenance, full of intelligence and candor. I felt attracted toward him both by feelings of sympathy and curiosity.

“You know, Abbé,” cried Bernard, on leaving the train, “you were not invited for your cassock’s sake. You have the tiresome part. You are to guide and instruct us, and to show us the ruins of Chevreuse and Port-Royal. Tell us their history, but don’t be too learned, and explain to these savages what a *château fort* is, and an abbey, and who were the Duke of Luynes and the Jansenists. Where shall we begin?”

We ordered a break at a neighboring inn; and when it was ready, we were surprised to see the mistress of the hotel in the driver’s seat. That gave me the opportunity to remark that women in France work much

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harder than in the United States, although less than in Turkey.

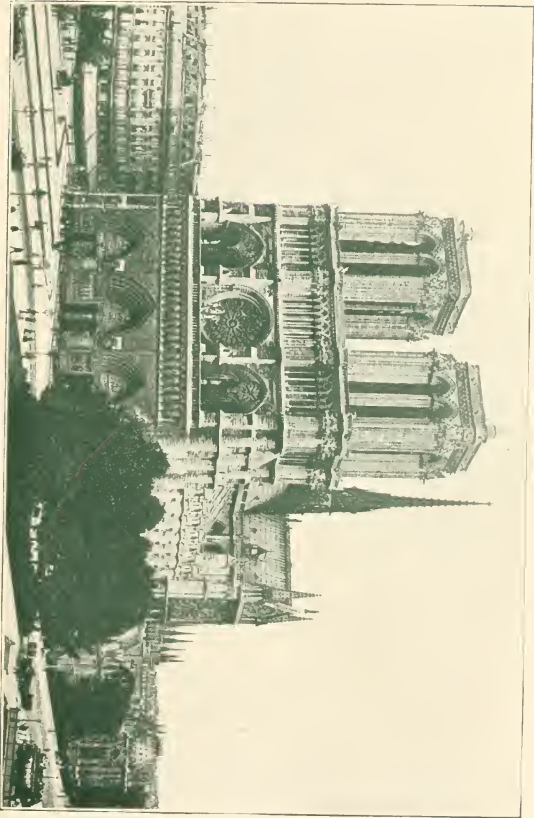
After half an hour's drive through a valley, by a charming route, we entered the little town of Chevreuse. Nothing in our country can give any idea of such a place. Along a badly paved road with its narrow and winding streets, we saw houses, both poor and stately, clean and squalid, often many centuries old, ornamented with little towers, iron balconies, and round or pointed windows. All lay sleeping in the warm sunshine; and so calm, so venerable, so quaint, one might imagine it was all arranged as a surprise for us. The church is built in the styles of three or four different centuries; some parts are Roman, and others Gothic, and even, if I remember rightly, others of the time of Louis XIII. But what strikes one most is the ruined walls of the old *château* which dominates the town — a real *château fort*, with its walls, towers, and donjon, all of which were destroyed by the Revolutionaries, or perhaps (I don't quite remember) by order of the King. Its aspect is still imposing and formidable, and its loopholes and battlements are a sufficient reminder of a bygone past, peopled by heroes cruel or magnanimous, and haunted by frightful

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memories and beautiful legends. When we had, not without risk, climbed to the top of the winding and broken staircase, the ladies of our party were in raptures over the charm of the landscape and the exquisite curves of the valley of Chevreuse. As to myself, for an instant I imagined, realized, and lived in the olden times. All that I have known from reading and study here took shape and form. I heard the heralds blowing their trumpets, and I saw the châtelaines, with their pointed headdresses and brocaded gowns, waving their hands from the mullioned windows to the knights who in full armor, their lances in rest, were crossing the drawbridge.

During lunch, which we took after our descent from the castle in a little inn of mean appearance yet clean and comfortable, Abbé Lagrange, at Bernard's request, gave us the history of Chevreuse and its castle. But I remember nothing about it. After all, what do names and dates matter? It is the soul of things, of places, and of times, which alone attracts me and awakens my enthusiasm.

It is just the same at Port-Royal, which we reach after a two hours' drive from Chevreuse. What do I care about the five



THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS

1875

THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

propositions of Jansenius and the still unsolved question as to whether or not they are found in "Augustinus"? It is enough for me to find here this impressive solitude and the memory of such great men as Racine and Pascal. Since this has been the scene of effort, obstinate perhaps and too severe, but honest, valiant, and unfortunate, I take delight in it and strive to penetrate its meaning. The Abbé Lagrange explains to us that the Jansenists extolled all that was contrary to the liberty, cheerfulness, confidence, and optimism which inspires men of the present day, and more especially Americans. To this I answer that they labored, prayed, and suffered for their cause, and that the King was a monster to expel them, to destroy their abbey and church, and above all to scatter the bones of their dead. And the priest agrees; with me he condemns these tyrannical ways, only adding that they were universal in those times, and congratulating himself on the progress which has been accomplished. We go on to speak of the Inquisition, of the St. Bartholomew massacre, and of the crimes, both of Catholics and Protestants, committed in the name of religion; and I do not disguise my astonishment at his broad views.

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“Ah! as to that,” he answers laughingly, “don’t you know that the Catholics believe in the Gospel?”

And in fact, after all, I don’t see why people so often speak of Catholic morals as differing from those of Protestants; when they both believe in the precepts of Christ and the Decalogue, it is also possible that they have the same ideas as to certain duties.

Still, the chief memory I have kept of Port-Royal is not that of past intolerance. It is above all an impression of silence and peace. Everything seems to penetrate you with this sentiment: the calm horizon bounded by wooded hills; the foundations of the church and abbey now laid bare; the feeling of distance and isolation, — so far one seems, and is, from other villages or from any railroad. It is indeed a quiet refuge, a fitting grave of high thought and noble aspiration; and instinctively one lowers one’s voice if one dares to speak at all.

We are still under the spell of these impressions long after leaving Port-Royal, and again when we reach the little village of Magny-les-Hameaux, in whose church are preserved a certain number of objects saved from the abbey. But Magny offers us something still

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more interesting, and that is a living relic, or almost living, of the Jansenists themselves. There is an ancient house in which are living three old Sisters of Sainte-Marthe, in whose keeping is the waxen mask of Mother Agnes Arnaud, and who kindly permitted us to see it. The Bishop of Versailles allows them to go to church and receive the Catholic sacraments, although they consider themselves Jansenists and still say "Nos messieurs" when speaking of Arnaud and Pascal. And it is worthy of remark that the Government of the Republic does not send any troops to disperse their poor little congregation. Is it not a piece of luck to have arrived from Illinois in time enough to find, under the embers as it were, the last sparks of a fire which burnt with so ardent a flame several centuries ago?

Here are some notes jotted down at Fontainebleau while, in the company of twenty strangers, I went through these historic rooms, conducted by one of the authorized guides.

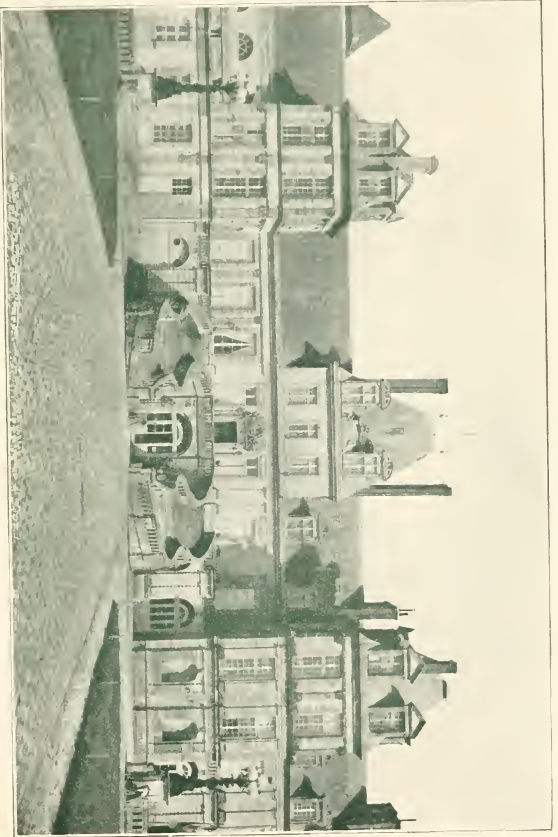
Poor notes! Having waited too long in copying them, I can now hardly understand them myself; and in any case I will not answer for their veracity.

1. Rejoined group of visitors as they came

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out of Trinity Chapel. Time just to see the immense room, profusely gilded, with an altar at the far end. Until quite recently mass was celebrated there every Sunday, and formerly Madame Carnot used to be present in the tribune. (It is the rule in France for political men to be anti-religious and their wives devout.)

2. Apartments of Napoleon I. Emotion. Anteroom furnished in Empire style, of course. A clock showing the seasons. Portrait of Napoleon, in his imperial robes; disappointment; travesty, not serious.—His writing-desk used in his campaign.—Bathroom, which was that of Marie Antoinette at the Trianon; charming paintings on the mirrors.—Cabinet where the Emperor signed his abdication, authentic table. How touching! We pass on too quickly: stupid people.—His study and couch.—King of Rome's cradle. Jewel-box of Marie Louise.—Council chamber of the Ministers. A mahogany table all in one piece: 2 metres, 10.—Salon Louis XIII, transformed into the throne-room by Napoleon. The same hangings; imperial bees. The throne. Not an abstraction, but a real throne; a gilded chair on a platform with a background of draperies. First throne



THE PALACE AT FONTAINEBLEAU

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THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

I have seen, and it is that of Napoleon! Very impressive. To be developed.

3. Apartments of Marie Louise. Boudoir; bust; bathroom. Bedroom the finest in the world; silk hangings from Lyons, fleurs de lis. Reception room. Salon of her ladies-in-waiting. All very pretty! But prefer Napoleon's souvenirs.

4. Gallery of Diana, serving as library; 84 metres in length. Henry IV on horseback. Great Sèvres vase, blue as the sky in Los Angeles. — Most interesting of all, the rough copy of Napoleon's abdication, autograph: "The allied powers, etc. August 6, 1814." Blots and erasures. Very impressive. Who can tell what his thoughts must have been?

5. Reception room. Antechamber, Gobelin tapestries of the time of Louis XIV; furniture Empire; all mixed. — Salon of tapestries; wonderful. — Salon of Francis I, Flemish tapestry. — Salon Louis XIII, the bedroom of his mother Marie de Médicis. First Venetian glass, given to Francis I, in 1525. — Salon of Louis IX, ancient donjon, most ancient part of the palace; nearly nine hundred years old; condition of America at that time. — Reverie. — Nearly lost the guide and his troop; found them again in the dining-room of Napoleon III. Henry IV

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over the fireplace. — What souvenirs! To be developed.

6. Grand staircase, built under Francis I; decorations by Primatice. Oval court, charming corner of the Renaissance; cupola of the Baptistery of Louis XIII. — *Salle des fêtes* or gallery of Henry II, magnificent, the largest and most imposing, with fine views of the garden. — Gallery of Francis I; view of the pond of Ulysses, full of carp, 64 metres long (the gallery, I mean).

7. Apartments of the Pope. Pius VII was received at Fontainebleau when coming to crown Napoleon. Later, confined there as a prisoner; see history, for motives. — Reception room; another salon for the mass. — Study, with the portrait of Pius VII by David; gentle and resigned face. — Bedchamber. — Two other salons. — Tourists' reflections that he was not to be pitied. Imbeciles, when he had not any liberty for nineteen long months; what would have become of me in such a case?

8. Above the *cour d'honneur*. — Large dining-room. — Gallery of plates; Sèvres porcelain; historical scenes. There are one hundred and twenty-eight. — From the windows one sees the wing which President Carnot used

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to occupy during the Summer. — Finished. Already? — We go down by the Horse-shoe Staircase, as Napoleon did just before making his adieux. In this same courtyard, his guard, his abdication, his speech, the eagles, the end of the *Épopée*. Very much impressed. To be developed.

Among my notes on Fontainebleau, I find another on the Hôtel de Pompadour, which is situated on the Boulevard Magenta. Vexed at having to occupy the same apartments in the château as Madame de Châteauroux, who had preceded her as the favorite of Louis XV, (such successions were official!) the Pompadour demanded a residence of her own. Her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, sold for that purpose, at an exorbitant price, some land which he had bought very cheap. The King made no difficulty about paying. He also paid for the building, which amounted to 237,000 livres 18 sous. But with whose money? The house is pretty, and decorated by Verbeck; the grand entrance is by the architect Gabriel. The King often used to come and spend the day there, having had an entrance made for him on the other side of the boulevard, in his English garden. He was simple and familiar, busied himself in cooking and often prepared

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the supper. Madame de Pompadour cultivated the arts. She even occupied herself in works of charity. But again, where did the money come from? What was still more strange, she had a private chaplain! What could have been his functions? However, public morals have made some progress. What country is there that would now tolerate scandals of this kind? Then they were official, recognized, accepted, and respected! Fancy, the chaplain of the Pompadour!

You ought to see the forest of Fontainebleau. It is really marvellous to find such an extent of wood and wild solitude within forty miles of Paris; such as those not far from New York, Tuxedo, and Orange County. But I will not enlarge on this; in books and pictures both artists and writers have exhausted the subject.

The environs of Paris are certainly most interesting. Yesterday morning, it being the Abbé's weekly holiday, he and Bernard and I took the boat which leaves the Tuileries and descends the Seine as far as Saint Cloud. The Abbé is a professor in one of the colleges, and besides giving his classes he is preparing for his degree, and I believe works very hard.

THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

Bernard, although always teasing the poor man, is really very fond of him; and I rather like him too. One thing I am thankful for is that he is never the first to speak of religion.

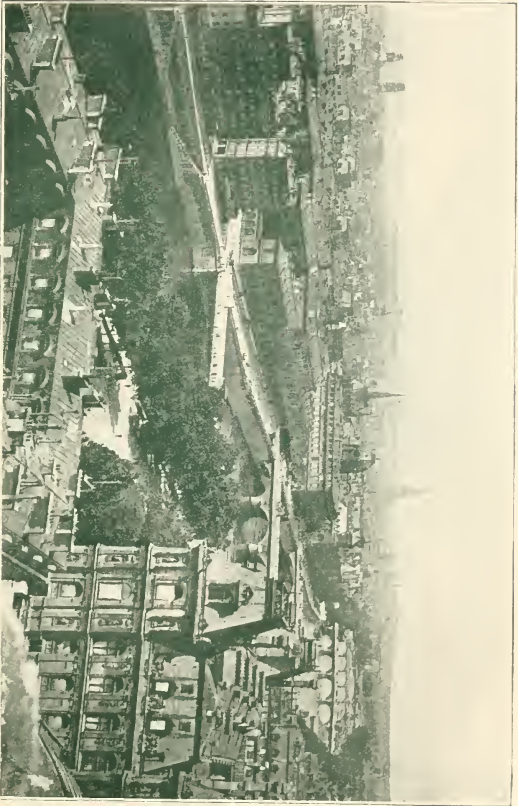
While going down the Seine, our minds were full of the beautiful scenery we were passing. And indeed, it was worthy of our attention. At the back of us is the garden of the Tuileries, hidden behind the terrace, while in front of us is the new station of the quay d'Orsay, as unlike as possible the commonplace type of our depots. I am not speaking of the splendid station at St. Louis, Missouri. After that comes the graceful palace of the Legion of Honor, which reminds me of the White House; then the Greek façade of the Palais Bourbon; the imposing building of the Foreign Office, where the sovereigns stay during their official visits; the station of the Invalides, built almost underground, in order not to spoil the view of the Esplanade. At Paris the æsthetic sense dominates everything. Even the piers of the bridges are elegantly sculptured. We are still far from that.

I turn to the other side, and I see, one after another, the marvels which I have already visited: the Place de la Concorde,

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the Champs-Élysées, the Petit and the Grand Palais. After these come the enormous hot-houses of Paris, in which the annual flower show is held, and the Trocadero, whose terraced garden pleases me better than its curious domes and colonnades. Opposite it, the Eiffel Tower beats the record for height among all the buildings of the world. I find that it looks rather American.

American also, in another sense, is the statue of Liberty holding aloft her torch from the extreme point of a long and narrow island. It is a reduced copy of that of New York and was given to Paris by our compatriots. Our own immense one is the work of the French sculptor Bartholdi. For was it not fitting that the symbol of Liberty should come to us from the same people whose aid was formerly so efficacious in helping us to win it? These grand memories which we have in common with France are honored here, as they are with us; and it is not without a certain emotion that I have noticed the statues of Washington and Franklin on the Place du Trocadero, and the statue of La Fayette in the Cour du Carrousel at the entrance of the Louvre. The inauguration of the latter was a splendid *fête*.



PANORAMA OF THE SEVEN BRIDGES



THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

Archbishop Ireland and our ambassador, General Horace Porter, saluted France, while President Loubet, surrounded by the members of the Senate and Chamber, extolled the United States. Long live the sister Republics!

After leaving Paris, the Seine has on its left bank the extensive Bois de Boulogne, while its right is bordered by a succession of pleasant little hills. They are more graceful than the Palisades on the Hudson, but less imposing. One thing astonishes me, and that is to find how little the stream is utilized for navigation. If we had only such a chance, the Seine would long since have conveyed the largest ocean steamers to the very centre of Paris. It appears that from time to time this project is discussed, and also another which is to render the Rhone and the Loire navigable; to dig the canal of the two seas, thus connecting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean; and to construct a railway line to cross France from east to west, so that travellers from Brest need not go up to Paris in order to go down to Lyons. But all these matters are questions of minor importance for the French. When in the Parliament or Cabinet they speak of making a dam, be assured they refer, according

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as the case may be, to stemming either the surging tide of clericalism or that of revolution. Here they never dream of levelling anything but the barriers of class distinction, which have long since been almost swept away, and they chiefly expend their energies in mining and almost sapping the foundations of religion, morals, and the rights of property. No one dreams of thinking that the chief role of those in power should be to guarantee the rights of each citizen and to promote the national welfare. The French Government seems specially concerned in making the philosophical opinion of a majority prevail.

“Always materialists, these Americans!” my friend Bernard replies to my remarks on the navigation question. “Business is business; that is understood. But there is something besides. According to you, the whole of this charming Seine should be covered with steamers. And afterwards? Would that give you our souvenirs? Look there in front of you, at those little villages and towns nestling among the wooded hills. The first is Meudon, which had, or so they say, our great Rabelais for its curé. The second is Bellevue with what remains of the ancient chateaux where the royal princesses lived in the eighteenth

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century, and also that glorious Madame de Pompadour. Your Massachusetts can't boast of any Pompadour!

“After Bellevue comes Sèvres; that's where they make porcelain. You knew that? Clever little Yankee! One does n't make much of this china at a time. Not like you, with your hundreds of tons' weight. Still we do what we can, and it's not too bad. Now don't be angry. After all, we are awfully glad to have you to buy it of us. Make your choice; it's a mere trifle, only two thousand francs a cup.

“After Sèvres there is Saint Cloud, whose splendid castle was rased to the ground during the Franco-German War. The illustrious Saint Cloud, otherwise called Clodoald, was a Merovingian, neither more nor less, of the great family of Mérovée, which line reigned over this country ages before your country was even invented.

“After Saint Cloud there is Suresnes. What happened there, Monsieur l'Abbé? He knows nothing, this Abbé. What do they teach you in your seminaries?

“I could take you like this as far as Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where the last of the Stuarts, or one of the last, was the guest of Louis XIV, and where he died in a chateau now transformed

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into a prehistoric museum. But I won't tire your patience. Besides, it is time to land; here is Bellevue-Funiculaire."

Rather bewildered by this effusion of our young Parisian, we left the boat, and in less than three minutes, by means of an aerial bridge which traverses a steep and wooded ascent, we arrived at the plateau where Bellevue displays the little group of houses of which the village consists, and the numerous villas which, hidden in the midst of trees, are scarcely to be distinguished from the great forest of Meudon. Close to where we get out, and very near the church, is a long avenue of ancient lime-trees, which extends as far as the old castle. Arrived there, we see spread out before us a magnificent panorama of Paris. This is really perfect, and I try the patience of my companions by making them name on each side of the Seine all the domes, steeples, and towers which overlook the plain of houses, from the Invalides, the Eiffel Tower, and the Trocadero, which I easily recognize, as far as the Arc de Triomphe and the church at Montmartre, more visible than all the rest, and then finishing the circle as far as Notre Dame, so imposing, even at this distance, to the Pantheon and the graceful dome of Val de

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Grâce, to the twin towers of St. Sulpice, the slender spire of Sainte Clotilde and the gilded dome of the Invalides. After Paris, on our left we have the green carpet of the Bois de Boulogne, the park of Saint Cloud, the threatening fortress of Mont-Valérien ; at our feet lies the ancient little town of Meudon, the parish of Rabelais, with the old houses of La Fontaine and Molière ; on our right are the park of Chalais and a great circle of wooded hills. I do not think there can be many views so worthy of interest.

“ And now look on this side,” said the Abbé. “ This is the dome of the observatory, whose director is the astronomer Janssen. That tower is the one which M. Berthelot had built for his chemical researches. At the right of M. Berthelot’s is the villa of M. Paul Thureau Dangin, one of our best historians. Have you read his ‘ Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au Dix-neuvième Siècle ’ ? ”

As a fact, I had read it, and it had greatly interested me. The first volume especially, in which Newman’s struggles before entering the Catholic Church are so vividly described, had made such an impression on me that I had

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no desire to revive the painful uncertainty into which I had plunged by its perusal.

“I know the book,” I answered briefly, and at once turned the conversation. “Both M. Berthelot and M. Janssen are much appreciated in America, and if I am not wrong, the latter has come over several times to make astronomical observations from our side. But apropos of Bellevue, are not the famous books of the Abbé Loisy dated from there?”

“From Bellevue itself,” said the Abbé Lagrange. “And you can see between Boulogne and Mont-Valérien, but much nearer, just behind that little clump of trees, the house where he used to live.”

“Tell me all you know about him.”

“That would take too long. I will only tell you that in ordinary life there is no one more reserved or a greater enemy of noise and discussion. He is a man of silence and solitude.”

“If such are his tastes, he has certainly been hardly treated by fortune. How did he take the storm which his name evoked?”

“He was very much annoyed, and he has often wondered when they would finish with ‘this Loisy affair.’ It is in order to find peace, to get away from visitors and interviewers, that

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he has left Bellevue, which was too near to Paris, and has taken refuge in a little provincial village."

"But he will die of melancholy there!"

"Not he; between his study and his poultry-yard he is quite resigned."

"Is he still writing?"

"Half of his time is devoted to his exegetical studies and the other half to rearing his fowls. And the latter serves as a recreation from, and yet forms a link with, the former; the hens are all named after Assyrian goddesses, and the chickens after the gods of Babylon. He was always brought up in the country. Before entering the college he often amused himself by milking the cows and taking the swarms of bees."

"When one possesses such talents and loves a tranquil life, one ought not to meddle with exegesis," said Bernard, interrupting very inopportunely the Abbé's remarks.

I saw in a moment that Bernard was getting angry; but I had no idea of the effect his words would produce. They began a kind of discussion, from which I understood that one maintained that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice one's ease for what one believes to be the cause of truth, the other asserting that

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in no case should one risk disturbing the faith of others; but they spoke so quickly, and interrupted each other so often, that it was quite impossible for me to follow the argument. Added to which, I was quite surprised by their quarrel. I should never have thought Bernard would be capable of interesting himself in such serious matters, and I must own that I esteemed him all the more. At the same time, he ought not to have appealed to me.

“Look here, Lionel,” he cried, “would your church admit that one of her pastors should own that there are errors in the Bible?”

“With us one is more free,” I answered.

“Well, but you personally?”

“The Bible is of divine origin.”

“There! All the same, it is a little too much that Catholic priests should be rebuked by Protestants.”

The Abbé Lagrange, after a visible effort to master his emotion, asked coldly:

“Who has denied that the Bible is of divine origin?”

“Who? Why, all of you, all of the modern school.”

“You are quite wrong, my dear friend.

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All the Catholics, every one of them, hold the Bible to be a sacred book, one inspired by God. Only there are some among them who know what that means, and others who know nothing about it.”

“Thanks, my dear friend, for this patent of ignorance. But for once it is not merited. I have thoroughly studied the question of inspiration. Does that astonish you? Well, it’s true, nevertheless. One may be serious without always seeming so. You think I have the most primitive notion of verbal inspiration. No, Monsieur l’Abbé, we conservatives (and it requires some courage to call one’s self conservative in these days) know well that the Scriptures were not dictated word by word by God; that would have been of no use, because often we have not the original text, and the translations do not always agree. We do not confuse the substance with the form, nor words with ideas. God inspires the ideas; he guides the expression of them without suggesting it. That is the first distinction, and a very important one. There is another which is not less so. Everything which relates to faith or morals is guaranteed against error; that which refers to ordinary facts, to history, or to science may

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contain some imperfections, as the writer's language would be colored more or less by the prevailing notions of those to whom he was writing. Do you find these two ideas so foolish and belated for an ignorant reactionary?"

"The misfortune is, my friend the philosopher and theologian," said the Abbé, in a less gentle tone than usual,— "the misfortune is that the second of your ideas is contrary to theology and the first to philosophy. As regards inspiration there are no secondary matters, and one may not say that it extends only to questions of morals or dogma: 'Libri omnes atque integri . . . cum omnibus suis partibus, Spiritu Sancto dictante, conscripti sunt.' That is from the Encyclical of Leo XIII on the Holy Scriptures. You don't want Latin? I am not sure that the translation will please any better: 'All the books, the whole of them and every part of them, have been written at dictation of the Holy Spirit.' That, you see, is what theology thinks of your distinction between secondary and essential parts. As to your other distinction, about the ideas coming from God and the words from man, it won't bear a moment's reflection. How can one find words without conveying ideas? Above all, how can one

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suggest ideas if one does not at the same time suggest the words? Only try to think without words. No; but, seriously, just try.”

“Bravo, Monsieur l’Abbé, bravo! Don’t disturb yourself. Demolish your religion as much as you please. I, being a layman, wash my hands of it.”

“I demolish nothing; I am trying to explain that when one does not know what he believes he does n’t believe. I admit the inspiration of the whole of the sacred books, and in this, you will allow me to observe, I am more orthodox than you; but in this inspiration which the Church defines without analyzing, I do not see a kind of mechanical action in which God’s part and man’s part should be represented as entirely distinct and easily distinguishable the one from the other. The sacred writer may have proceeded, like others, by impulse or by reflection, by making researches or having recourse to documents: the Biblical Commission has already explained this. But that did not prevent God from acting in him otherwise and more than elsewhere by a mysterious influence, impossible to define, but yet real and efficacious; so that the sacred Book ought to be regarded, in a special sense, entirely inapplicable to any other writing, as

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a work which God has accomplished through man, as the work also of a man impelled and directed by God. Inspiration thus understood would suffer nothing from the different errors which one is obliged to admit are in the Bible. There is room in it for the divine and the human."

Bernard gave me a good blow on the shoulder :

"Travelling in France is gay, is n't it? But it is all the fault of these Meudon woods, in which the Abbé Loisy used to walk every day for four years. The birds sing in Hebrew there, and the trees put forth Greek roots."

I protested, and truly, that the conversation interested me immensely, and I tried to make it rebound by speaking of the volume of William du Bose, M. A., S. T. D., on "The Gospel in the Gospels," which is dedicated to my friend McBee. I even quoted the names of the Reverend Messrs. Bruneau, Gigot, Hyvernat, — French priests now residing in America, whose exegetical works are much appreciated there. But it was not long before the conversation took a turn which rather offended me.

"As a Protestant," said Bernard, "you ought to be still more severe than we are

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against all innovators. Even should the authority of the Bible be undermined, we still have that of the Church; you will have nothing."

"Your statement is utterly false," I replied, rather annoyed by this mania which Bernard had of treating me as a Protestant. "First of all, we do not consider that the Episcopal Church is Protestant; she prides herself on possessing Apostolic succession. Besides which, I do not see that the Abbé's thesis undermines the authority of the Bible. Lastly we recognize besides the Bible another authority, that of our bishops."

"The authority of the bishops? Do you admit that Christian truth is safeguarded by the bishops?"

"Certainly. What is there so new in that? Do you not know that we have bishops in our church, and bishops, I repeat, who descend in an unbroken line from the Apostles?"

"You really believe, then, that the truth is with the bishops?"

"I have told you so clearly enough."

"Then, my dear fellow, the truth must be where the great majority of bishops is to be found. Become a Roman Catholic!"

The Abbé Lagrange looked reproachfully

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at Bernard de Pujol. They then began speaking on indifferent subjects, and the day which had commenced so joyously finished sadly. As we were in the train silently returning, each one with an evening paper before him, I could not help saying in a low voice to the Abbé:

“After all, there is less unity among you than I believed.”

He replied gently and gravely:

“Or is it not, rather, that there is more liberty than you thought?”

I slept badly, and without harboring any ill-will toward my companions, I was not sorry on the following day to go to Versailles without them.

CHAPTER III

IN THE ROYAL PALACE

To Versailles with Duke Tolzi — The Palace now a Museum — Relics of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette — Contrast between Louis XIV and William of Prussia, Emperor of Germany — A Portrait of La Fayette — The Trianon Gardens and Farm.

HOWEVER, I was not alone; and among the pleasant memories which this expedition has left me, I am not sure that that of the stately palace of Louis XIV comes first. If all the inhabitants of the Old World resembled those I then saw, even the pride of young America would perhaps humble itself before them. Such refinement and such charm presuppose centuries of culture. We shall acquire it also, but it takes time.

It was at a soiree given by our ambassador that I first saw the young Duke Tolzi. I had never before met with such attractive manners joined to so much warmth of heart and to such earnestness. A certain charm seemed to radiate from his whole person, and I instinctively felt his superiority; but he at once

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set me at ease by his frank and confiding tone, which suited well with my simplicity. Lastly, I cannot explain why, there was soon established a mutual sympathy between the Italian patrician and the Chicago student. Perhaps our twenty years may have had somewhat to do with it, and the contrast between his training and mine was also a factor; and so, I believe, were our common faith in progress and our impulsive enthusiasm. Tolzi is a personal disciple of Fogazzaro, and enjoys, besides, the intimacy, the counsels, and the special affection of the master. To be the favorite pupil of a great man has always been my dream.

Then, at the United States Embassy we talked of everything in general, and of our impressions of France in particular. It is so pleasant to find some one to converse with in a crowd as undisturbed as if among the trees in a forest. When I had told him of my unsatisfactory visit to the Palace of Fontainebleau, Tolzi asked me if I had ever seen Versailles, and on my replying in the negative, —

“So much the better,” he said; “neither have I. We will go there together. This time you will have a perfect guide; the *conservateur*, or curator, is a passionate admirer of

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Italy, on which he has written some interesting volumes and some charming verses. He has often been a guest at my home and made me promise to go and see him. He expects me to-morrow and I will take you with me."

In order not to trespass too far on the good nature of the curator, who would probably have wished to accompany us, we decided to see the park and picture galleries without him, and have recourse to his good offices when visiting the apartments in the palace. But from the first we profited by his advice without troubling him, for Tolzi remembered to have read in one of his works that the castle should not be entered by the town and the *cours d'honneur*, as is generally done, but at the end of the park, where the finest view may be obtained.

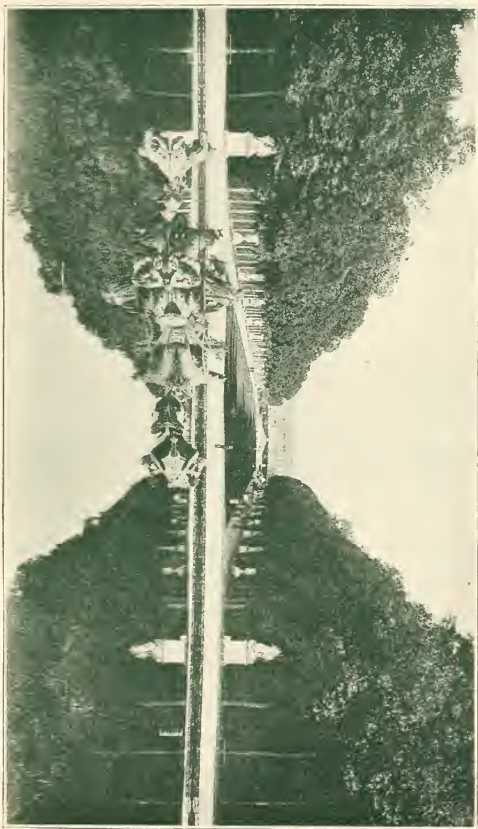
So we took a tramway down the rue de l'Orangerie and the Saint-Cyr road, which brought us to the edge of the great canal. Arrived there, we found ourselves in front of a wonderful vista, formed first of the canal itself, then of a long stretch of grassy lawns, steps, and terraces seen vaguely in the distance, and, last of all, the far-off silhouette which was the Palace of the Kings. To right and left were large leafy trees, or rather a forest, whose

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calm and silence were a fitting frame to such a landscape. We found a boat, and silently advanced in the bright sunlight of a beautiful afternoon, our eyes fixed on the marvels we were approaching.

On reaching the Fountain of Apollo, we landed and admired the graceful statue; then ascended the *Tapis-Vert*, or Royal Avenue, between two rows of vases and statues whose marble whiteness contrasted with the verdure of the Spring-time. We stopped for an instant to look at the graceful Ionic colonnade leading up to the enclosed circle, which in the midst of the trees and fountains used to serve as the summer concert hall of Louis XIV. We then continued our way toward the fountain, the parterre, and the steps of Latona which still separated us from the palace. Some visitors were descending, seemingly as much impressed as we, by the majesty of the scene. On our left, near but unseen, some children are playing, and their shouts mingle unobtrusively and as if in harmony with the surroundings, with the songs of the birds.

We have now come to the end of the *Tapis-Vert*. It was there that Louis XIV sometimes condescended to take his visitors, that being the



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most beautiful point of view in his park. On either side are the *allées de l'Été et de l'Automne*, intersected by the fountains of Ceres and Bacchus; on the west is the splendid avenue through which we have just passed; and in front of us are the flower-beds and the Fountain of Latona; then the stone balustrade with its thirty marble statues, among them *la Nymphe à la Coquille, le Gladiateur Mourant*, and other chefs-d'œuvre worthy of their antique model.

But the palace is no longer in sight. In order to find it again, we must ascend the splendid terrace with its beautiful flower-beds and fountains. Now it is before us, dazzlingly white under the azure sky, immense, and seemingly endless, with its central façade and two large wings. It stands on nearly seven hundred metres of ground, and with its straight and pure outlines, graceful pillars, glowing windows, and stone balustrade ornamented with vases, trophies, and statues, all blending into a harmonious whole, can only be described as majestic; no other word is applicable, — just as when before the Grand Cañon, Niagara, the ocean, or the mountains, you feel in the presence of something greater than man. After Tolzi and myself had for some time

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contemplated it in silence, he confessed to me that Italy had no more perfect monument, while I was obliged to own that as yet we had nothing which could be compared with it.

This first impression of imposing grandeur and charm is that which remained with me during the rest of my visit to the Chateau of Versailles. I have ceased to write, and closing my eyes I evoke the memories of that charming day, and I see again in fancy the noble terrace commanding the park, and the marvellous proportion of the royal façade with its two wings stretching out into space.

However, I have seen other chefs-d'œuvre,—the Museum, the Royal Apartments, the Hall of the Jeu de Paume, and the Trianon,—all of which fill my rather over-taxed imagination with hazy visions of beauty.

The Palace of Versailles is no longer, like that of Fontainebleau, a residence; Louis Philippe made it a museum consecrated, according to an inscription that much pleases me, “to all the glories of France.” And there, in fact, are found statues and portraits of great men, and pictures representing pacific scenes. But why, I ask, does it happen that, in seeking to portray the most important events

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in the annals of a nation, artists so seldom paint aught else than battle-fields? It seems to me that at the present day they ought to give more prominence to other subjects. But never mind, it is grand to have fourteen centuries of history behind one. When America possesses as much, what will she not have effected for the progress of the world! The French may well be proud of the past history of their race. I am told some blush at it and would like to date from a hundred and twenty years ago. Only fancy us wishing to repudiate the memory of the Mayflower and the Pilgrim Fathers under pretext that they are but myths which we no longer accept!

Amongst the pictures I recall those of Horace Vernet, descriptive of the wars waged in Algeria, and especially that one worthy of an epic poem, "The Taking of Smalah"; then the history of Napoleon, his distribution of the eagles, and the great battles, where he seems with calm and gloomy brow to dominate all else; and lastly that chef-d'œuvre in marble representing him at St. Helena waiting for death. "That is by our Vela," explained Tolzi, always noticing anything that reminded him of his country. I see him still in ecstasy before "The Battle of

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Magenta," from which dates the birth of a new Italy. An old custodian, struck by his enthusiasm, approached and confided to us that he "was in it." I thought that Tolzi would have embraced him on the spot, and that they would never tire of recounting the incidents of the battle and naming each bridge and river near.

"Do you see," said Tolzi to me, "there was a momentary misunderstanding, but it was soon over. We owe too much to France; we never could be made to fight against her."

We were still speaking of Italy when we entered the house of the curator of the museum, and stopped only when we were introduced. M. de Nolhac has followed "*Érasme en Italie*," and he has written on "*Pétrarque et l'humanisme*."

He set out for Italy as a pupil of the *École d'Archéologie*, and returned an artist; and this he told us in expressive verse:

Terre de grâce et de clarté,
Un enfant t'est venu de France,
Qui te demandait la science :
Tu lui révélas la beauté.

And whilst with Tolzi he vaunted the
"august Mother of the Latin race," his

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wife kindly did the honors of the charming salon into which we were admitted. The furniture (genuine Louis XVI), the bust of the Queen and the child martyr, the exquisite grace of the hosts, indeed everything in this privileged corner of the palace combined to sustain the illusion of the past; so that we almost expected to see her whose touching history Nolhac himself has so well described, for we really imagined ourselves to be in the apartments of Marie Antoinette.

The rest of the conversation showed me that our new friends (for we became and have remained friends ever since) are inspired by the *ancien régime* with nothing more dangerous than a love of art and that tender pity always due to days that are no more. They are sorry for the King and Queen who were taken from here to Paris to be put to death, and shed tears over poor little Louis XVII; but they rejoice at the birth throes, however painful, of modern France. They admire the treasures of beauty and of art in which the eighteenth century was so rich, but blush at the scandals that Louis XV paraded here in the light of day. Nothing indicates more plainly that monarchy is ended than this kind of veneration

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from democrats. That which is dead can never harm again.

“It was there,” said Mme. de Nolhac, showing me from the window the three courts and the immense Place d’Armes, — “it was there, on the fifth of October, that the Parisian crowd clamored for the royal family the whole night long. The guards were massacred, the palace was invaded, they were obliged to yield. By that long avenue leading to Paris, the King and Queen with their children were led back to the capital.”

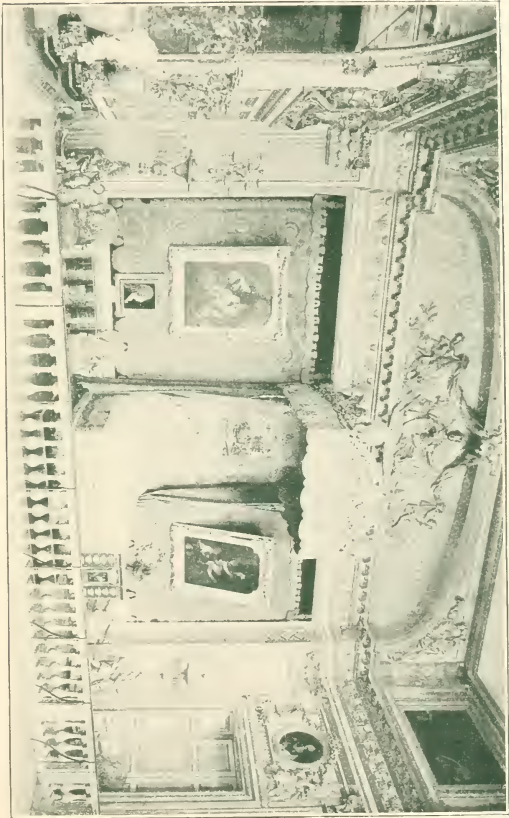
“And they never returned?” I asked.

“No,” she answered, shaking her head, “they never returned!”

Tolzi, who had approached us, gave a slight start and took my arm.

“So many things here never returned!” he said.

We all went together to visit the royal apartments, which have no occupants to-day. Like the pictures, they left vague impressions rather than definite memories in my mind. With the name of Louis XIV, salons teeming with mythological pictures rise before my eyes, and the room with the gilded wainscoting, in which he proclaimed his grandson King of Spain, which was also the room in



THE CHAMBER OF LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

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which he breathed his last, the room upon whose balcony his descendants, menaced with death, were forced by the mob to appear and promise to go with them to Paris. My recollections of the apartments of Louis XIV, Louis XV, Marie Antoinette, and of Madame Adélaïde are much more pleasing. I do not think that it will ever be my lot to gaze on such refined elegance again. Tolzi confessing, not without a spice of envy, that he could not find it in his native land, De Nolhac added with satisfaction :

“That is true, for Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries left the sceptre of beauty, whilst she slept, to us.”

One thing that cannot be forgotten in the Palace of Versailles is the Gallery of Mirrors. It is superb in grandeur, magnificence, and taste. In cases like this, prices seem vulgar, and the French laugh at me when I ask what it cost. However, since it is admitted that the whole of this room is a chef-d'œuvre, it would be well to add that the chef-d'œuvre extends over seventy-three metres in length, ten metres fifty in breadth, and thirteen metres in height; that opposite an arcade of seventeen arches decorated with brilliantly reflecting mirrors, seventeen large windows, commanding the terrace,

park, and canal, flash floods of light on gilded sculptures and dazzling marbles, on the frescoes of Lebrun and the trophies modelled by Coysevox. But let memory conjure up within this empty space all the imposing surroundings of *le Grand Monarque*, — the vases, the flowers, the busts, the silver chandeliers, the exquisite chiselled silver gilt candelabra, the carpets, the velvet, the curtains of white and gold ; and people it then with the marshals, prelates, lords, duchesses, and marquises of the most brilliant court that ever existed ; and hear the pompous voice of the Grand Master of the Ceremonies announce “The King!” Two centuries later, January 18, 1871, that same gallery witnessed the triumph of another sovereign, the victorious King of Prussia : Bismarck, for it was he, had had the brutal but grandiose idea of proclaiming William of Prussia as Emperor of Germany in the very midst of the glories of ancient France.

With this marvellous hall Nolhac ended our visit to the palace. I was grateful to him, for those last impressions of splendor and humiliation had sunk into my heart. It was in vain he showed us through the windows all the best views of the park opposite, and the Suisses, the great sheet of water girt round by forest

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trees in the far distance. I could think of nothing but that contrast between Louis XIV and William I, and could scarcely find even a grain of consolation in the thought that here, and quite recently, mighty sovereigns had come and borne witness to the value still attached to the friendship of this beloved nation. My sentiments did not escape the delicate intuition of the Nolhacs, and when the parting moment came, the clasp of their hands thrilled me with that indefinable sensation which makes an adieu a promise of reunion, and a seeming end to be a real beginning.

To change the course of my melancholy ideas, nothing less was necessary than a rapid but very interesting visit to the Hall of the Jeu de Paume. This hall is to modern France almost exactly what our Independence Hall is to us. Here, in fact, the Deputies of the States-General swore not to separate till they had given a Constitution to France; and according to the inscription placed in the middle of the hall, high above the statue of Bailly, "They fulfilled their oath."

Since the twentieth of July, 1883, the Hall of the Jeu de Paume has become a museum of the Revolution. Busts of the most

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distinguished members of the National Assembly are placed all round it; and on the wall at the far end is a great picture representing "The Oath," after a design by David. All sorts of instructive objects are displayed in glass cases. Amongst the most notable is a small model of the Bastille, the prison whose downfall prefigured that of despotism. The key of this fortress, taken on the fourteenth of July, we now possess in the United States. La Fayette gave it to George Washington. It is at Mount Vernon, a fitting place for it.

Speaking of La Fayette, I was delighted to see him represented in an engraving of that time as Deputy of Auvergne. I like his face, so full of energy and life. The inscription, in spite of its heavy and emphatic style, is nevertheless pleasing to me: "The man who at the age of nineteen embraced the cause of America with so much ardor, and who, by his political and military talents, aided most in founding a Republic amongst Anglo-Americans, must necessarily find in the French Republic a splendid opportunity for displaying his love of glory and freedom."

O thou whose memory, closely linked with George Washington's, will live forever in the hearts of grateful Americans, I ask thee which

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of those two governments that thy valor contributed to found has better fulfilled thy hopes and rewarded thy efforts? Our own freedom was not won at the partial cost of our brothers' blood, but solely by conflict with the foreigner. Once installed in our Capitol, she, Freedom, has reigned there without a rival. From her alone in our great crises, and never from a re-established Tyranny, do we seek strength and light. And her benefits, like those of the sun, are lavished equally on each and every citizen alike.

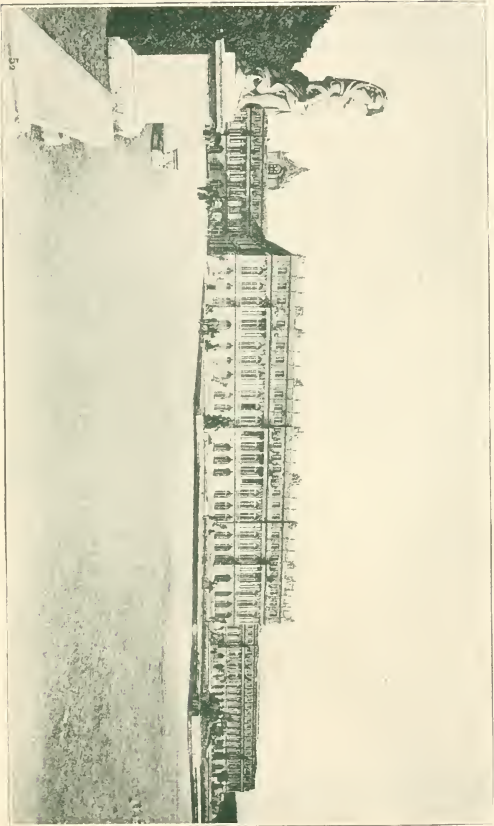
Tolzi, less absorbed in these comparisons than I, reminds me it is time to leave the *Jeu de Paume* if we care about seeing the *Trianon*. And as I know he does, we take a carriage. On the way the coachman points out the Palace of Madame de Pompadour, now the *Hôtel des Réservoirs*, and the Opera House, the scene of so many events, from the rejoicings in the eighteenth century, and the imprudent banquet of the French Guards, which gave a pretext to the mob to invade Versailles, to the solemn sessions of the National Assembly, in 1871, deliberating between Prussians on the one hand and civil war on the other. Near by, is the Hall of the Deputies, where

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the Presidents of the Republic are elected, and consequently the scene of M. Fallière's election, — that triumph of incongruous politics, where the Moderate candidate was elected by the Radicals instead of the Radical M. Paul Doumer, who was supported by the Moderates.

But here we are at the Trianon. Poor Tolzi! They close it just as we get there. I am sorry for him, but not for myself, having seen an exact representation of it at St. Louis. Certainly the original is better; but, to speak frankly, I have had enough of chefs-d'œuvre for one day, and I understand how kings, Napoleon among them, tiring of their magnificence and their exalted life, sought in these two Trianons a calm retreat where luxury gave place to taste. The gardens were still open, and in the midst of shrubberies, streamlets, shady walks, the Terrace, the Temple of Love, with its Corinthian dome, the woods, rocks, springs, mills, the dairy, and the farm, we enjoyed an exquisite sensation of repose in the dewy freshness of the Spring evening.

As we were forced to quit these delights, we were seized with a desire to return along the magnificent route from the canal to the palace as the sun was just setting. Our



THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES

IN THE ROYAL PALACE

carriage was waiting, and in a few minutes we had driven along the Avenue des Matelots to the Fountain of Apollo. From thence we wished to wander slowly up the so-called Royal Avenue. Again we saw the enchanting perspective, but more fraught with poetry than ever. At that late hour the visitors had gone; or perhaps, lost in our dreams, they were still there although we saw them not. Before us was the Gallery of Mirrors, all on fire with glorious reflections; behind us, in the distant horizon of the canal and avenue, were the purple heavens, where the true *roi-soleil* was sinking to his rest. Condensed in my memory are visions of Louis XIV and Louis XVI, beautiful furniture and pictures of battles, scaffold and throne; they all vibrate at one and the same moment in my troubled brain, as the lines that I read about this same spectacle surge in my memory:

L'horizon est vraiment historique ce soir.
Car dans le panier d'or du couchant on croit voir
Tomber des grains saignants faits de têtes coupées!¹

And when we reach the terrace night has come. The windows dazzle no more. In the pale clear heavens, where a crescent

¹ Robert de Montesquiou.

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moon is gleaming, the façade of the palace stands out in gray relief that grows darker and ever darker. Down yonder, in the park, the crimson is melting into blue ; the splendor is extinguished, and in both senses the sun of Versailles has indeed descended below the horizon.

CHAPTER IV

AMONG THE NORMANS

Rouen — Joan of Arc — The Palais de Justice — The Cathedral — The Abbey of St. Ouen — Why the Normans had only a Transient Hold of the Countries they conquered — Nations of the “Particularist Formation” contrasted with those of the “Communitarian Formation.”

MY parents have just embarked at Havre. I will note down, before leaving it, what we all saw and thought of Normandy.

The day before, a farewell dinner was given to all my father's friends, and many of them invited me to their country houses, invitations I shall not forget. The trunks were already packed, and in spite of late hours we were able to leave Paris at eight o'clock in the morning. By ten we were at Rouen, which town we did well, and by five we reached Havre.

The entrance to Rouen is not brilliant. The railway station, a dingy, poky out-house between two tunnels, is perhaps the ugliest station in the world. But once outside it, all

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is good. An electric tram quickly conveys you down a broad animated street bearing the name of Jeanne d'Arc, the heroine who was burnt alive for witchcraft in 1431. I reckon they beat the record then for absurdity, superstition, and cruelty! I blush to think that at home, in New England, as late as the year 1692, the heads of twenty-eight victims were cut off, eight in one day, under this same insane pretext. We stopped at the rue Grosse Horloge, which led us first to the old Market Square, where the crime was consummated; afterwards to the Place de la Pucelle, where a fountain of the eighteenth century supports a mediocre statue of Jeanne d'Arc attired like Pallas. But at the corner of that same square the Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde, built at the beginning of the Renaissance, excited our admiration by the elegance of its tower and windows, and by the beauty of its gallery, with its arcade of five arches, ornamented with arabesques and medallions. The bas-reliefs upon it represent in perfection woodland scenes, several religious subjects, and the meeting of François I with Henry VIII upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

On our way to see some priceless stained glass windows in the Church of St. Vincent



THE CATHEDRAL OF ROUEN

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

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we pass through the rue de la Vicomté, which is so narrow that the roofs of the houses on the one side of the street almost meet those on the other. Then we proceed to the little square where the Tower of Saint André is erected opposite a very elegant old house with a façade in carved wood. The square is in the rue aux Ours. If I followed my inclination, I should mention the name of every street, for they all sound so strange to one living in Street 117.

Now we mount by the rue Jeanne d'Arc again to the rue Grosse Horloge. This last is not only picturesque in name; almost all its houses are remarkable for their antiquity. In the middle, on a sort of bridge with a surbased archway, the great clock in a sculptured frame displays its golden hands and figures. On the left side the archway is supported by a bossage remaining from the old Hôtel de Ville, and on the right by the belfry containing the "silver clock." They ring every evening at eight o'clock, as if to keep the curfew law imposed by William the Conqueror. At the base of the tower a richly ornamented fountain leans against a pretentious mansion of the eighteenth century. But the marvel of that street is not such and such a monument; it is the view of

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the whole. For a long time we contemplated, from the rue Jeanne d'Arc, the varied and original effect that has its climax in the sublime towers and steeple of the cathedral; and all these time-honored relics of the past seemed floating in the sky in a transparent veil of sunlit mist. In the same way, at home, the Auditorium, the Masonic Temple, and the bold buildings of the business quarter mount in the clouds. But what shall I think of our sky-scrapers after Notre Dame of Rouen and of Paris? I suppress a sentiment of shame, my fear of finding America common; common is too strong a word, I should rather say commonplace.

A little turning on the left, through the rue Thouret, brought us to the Palais de Justice. It is built on a piece of ground occupied before the thirteenth century by the houses of the Jews. Philippe le Bel confiscated this Jewish quarter in 1306 and gave it to the town for a good round sum. Nothing could have been more simple; might was right. A vestige of traditions like this still exists in the French Government of our own day, which sells at its own sweet will the property of associations that do not please it.

The Palais de Justice at Rouen is probably

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the most beautiful in the world. It dates from the reign of Louis XII. The Grand Chambre of the old Norman Parliament, which serves as the Court of Assize, is a marvel of taste and graceful dignity. The ancient Hall of the Procureurs, now the Hall of the Pas-Perdus, attracts one by its boldness; it is sixteen metres wide and fifty long, and is covered with an immense framework in the shape of a keel turned upside down and quite unsupported by pillars. But what I admire most is the façade of the Palais, sixty-five metres in extent, with its octagonal turret in the middle, its admirable corner pillars decorated with statues from base to summit; its windows of carved lace-work, the entablature with its dainty arches, the roof with its graceful dormer windows and its balustrade of lace-work curiously wrought in lead. No! human imagination has never conceived anything more sumptuous and exquisite than this.

But if I expend all my admiration here, what shall I say of Saint-Ouen and the cathedral?

The cathedral is partly enclosed in narrow streets, and the chancel is lost in the Archbishop's Palace, but on the western side, covering an area of fifty-five metres, the Tower

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of St. Romain and the Tour de Beurre, with the great porch between them, stand out in full magnificence. The façade is in florid style, with galleries, statues, foliages, bas-reliefs, pinnacles, and ornaments, all, alas! mutilated by the ravages of so-called religious wars. The three doors, mutilated also, illustrate tales that are now indecipherable. Beyond, from the middle of the transept, the spire rises to the height of one hundred and fifty metres. Another porch on the north, called the Booksellers' Porch, is adorned with medallions, on which bizarre and grotesque subjects are carved. The interior, one hundred and thirty-six metres long and thirty-three wide, is harmonious beyond words, and, seen from the grand organ, impresses one with a sense of calm and immensity which I never thought, until that moment, architecture had power to produce. One ought to describe the rose windows, the chapels, the funeral monuments; but I have neither the taste nor the ability for such a task. What struck me most was the fact that, in spite of its unity as a whole, three centuries came and went whilst this edifice was being built. This slowness filled me at first with something akin to pity; but on reflection I understand what patience, disinterestedness,

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and faith in the future this implies. The contrast between that confidence of our ancestors and the insecurity of the present time is very painful. In France one does not even know if these cathedrals eight centuries old will still be used for the service of God when the last day of this year has come.

In any case the archiepiscopal palace, altered and rebuilt several times but always on the same site, will be taken away from the Church in a year and a half, at latest, after having belonged to it and been the official residence of its archbishops for fifteen centuries. By virtue of this time-honored possession it ought to be granted to the Church, if only by right of prescription. This palace has the reputation of being a magnificent building, and had we not had such a chilling portrait of the Primate of Normandy, we should have visited it. What I have heard of him since, however, causes me to regret our extreme prudence. One is always wrong to be intimidated. I have read his lecture on "The Archiepiscopal Manor of Rouen." How interesting it would have been to hear this eminent man sketching the history of the great personages who preceded him in this illustrious see, whilst pointing out traces of visitors known by the

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names of Prétextat, Brunehaut, Chilpéric, Frédégonde, Louis le Débonnaire; Pope Innocent II, who came with St. Bernard to meet Henry I, King of England; St. Louis, Charles V, Charles VII, Louis XI, Louis XII, and Anne of Brittany; the Cardinal de Médicis, afterwards Leo X; Louis XIII, who in 1617 opened the last Parliament of the Estates of Normandy; and Louis XVI, who here celebrated one of the last *fêtes* of the *ancien régime*. Those are names and memories such as we have not yet.

A street, scarcely two metres broad and bordered with houses such as one sees in fairy tales, the rue Saint-Romain, I think, leads us along by the walls of the palace to the Church of Saint Maclou, whence, by the rue Damiette, we reach Saint-Ouen. Saint Maclou is of the fifteenth century, the epoch of the florid Gothic style; and in fact its sculptures, spire, little bells, doors, stained-glass windows, and openwork staircase leading to the organ—all, inside and outside, resemble petrified flowers.

Saint-Ouen is the most wonderful thing that this wonderful capital of Normandy possesses. No abbey constructed in the Middle Ages is more perfect and majestic. We



THE NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ROUEN

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especially admire the great tower, which rises from the centre of the transept, and wears at a height of eighty-two metres a crown as delicately wrought as any adorning the head of a king. The nave, one hundred and thirty-eight metres long, is a chef-d'œuvre of simplicity and purity, its only ornamentation being its immense arches over which rises a frail gallery, and its one hundred and twenty-five windows, through which a subdued light penetrates. It seems to me that any one who has not seen Saint-Ouen does not really know the beauty of the Gothic style.

Desirous that our visit to Rouen should finish with this marvel, and rather tired with having seen so much, we stayed for some time in the gardens surrounding the apse of the church, in which the statue of Rollo rises proudly. I leave the bench on which we three are taking our well-earned repose, and, returning, tell my parents of the inscription which explains the attitude of the founder of Normandy, who, with one hand on his sword, with the other is pointing to the ground: "Nous en resterons maîtres et seigneurs."¹

A conversation then begins which is to continue amid interruptions during the rest of the

¹ We shall remain masters and lords.

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day, first in the tramway which takes us back to the station, by the rue de la République and the quais and the rue de Jeanne d'Arc. So interested am I in it, that neither the statue of Corneille on the stone bridge, nor the animation of the Seine, nor any of the buildings we pass, such as the theatre and the Exchange, have any power to distract my attention.

It was the statue of Rollo which gave rise to the following: Speaking of the inscription, "An ancestor of ours," I had said to my father, and was astonished when he asked me to explain. "Did not the Normans," said I, "conquer and model the England from which we came?" And let those who are able to unravel the complicated question of the result of the different invasions throw the first stone at me! However my father was better informed on the subject, and at the risk of wearying my readers I will try to note down some of his ideas.

Conquered by the Normans, one might almost say in a day, England, in her turn, conquered them in two or three centuries; she has assimilated them, while she has kept as marks of their influence only a certain

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number of French words and rather more brilliancy of wit. As in Spain, Italy, Sicily, Greece, and Syria, the Normans distinguished themselves in England by many brilliant exploits; but neither there nor in those other countries did they obtain any firm footing. And that was because they did not come over as agricultural colonists, but rather as military bands; and because they found themselves confronted with peasants whom they could conquer but not replace. There have been Normans and Normans. The first we know of, the companions of Rollo, were adventurous hardy sailors, splendid pirates, of powerful all-conquering individuality, before whom everything had to give way; but if their rule became firmly established in Neustria, it was because they had brought over in their train from the Norwegian fiords and the Saxon plains emigrants who were used to the cultivation of the soil. The terror inspired by these pirates on the continental side of the English Channel had caused vast tracts of land to remain desert, and had thus prepared the way for pacific settlers. But it was not thus as regards the conquest of England: the victory of Hastings did not give to William the Conqueror and his companions a deserted

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land, but only a people to govern, and, what is often synonymous, to plunder. The eastern and southern parts of the islands were inhabited by a race little inclined to be set aside, but who were, on the contrary, accustomed to get rid of whatever incommoded them, making little distinction between conquered and conquerors. These were the Saxons, and it is from them, and not from the Normans, that we of the United States have inherited our most marked characteristics.

On landing in England in the fifth century, the Saxons had found the rich plains which they coveted but sparsely occupied by the British Celts. Having firmly established themselves and well cultivated the territory, they had gradually but persistently driven the latter into Cornwall and Wales, just as, twelve hundred years later, the settlers in New England repulsed the warlike native tribes of American Indians. In the sixth century the Saxon race, though victorious over the Britons, saw its conquered territory partially invaded and wholly threatened by some new-comers, the Angles; it took three centuries to arrest their progress and subdue them. Fifty years later, when they had succeeded in so doing, other enemies,

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the Danes, appeared. First of all, the Danish pirates, who were victorious on their arrival but were expelled half a century later; then the regular Dane, whose political rule was accepted for some years by the Saxons, certain as they were to get rid of them in their turn, when the fitting moment arrived, which was in 1041, at the expiration of twenty-seven years.

The Saxons lived in peace for a quarter of a century, and during this time they drew up a code of laws: the text of the Common Law, or the laws of King Edward, — the foundation stone of English institutions, — shows plainly that this great indestructible race has always possessed those principles of initiative, independence, and self-government which have to-day gained for it its predominant place in the world.

In 1066 there was another and last invasion. The Normans landed at Hastings and conquered the Saxons; they gave them a king and established over them a nobility with feudal claims. The humble Saxon husbandman, though habituated to defeat, still opposed a daily and continual resistance to his new conquerors, with respect to his liberty and his own laws. In the end the Norman barons, tired out by this tenacious energy, and

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on the other hand tyrannized over by a monarchy whose claims became more and more exacting, made common cause with their so-called subjects, and in union with them forced the King to sign the famous Magna Charta, the seal and consecration of the Common Law, that is to say, of the Saxon spirit and customs.

Thus, against so many successive and apparently victorious invaders, Angles, Danes, and Normans, was preserved the seed of that advanced civilization which was one day to fertilize new lands, and especially our own glorious continent. For it is impossible to deceive ourselves: if we have received and absorbed peoples of every race, it is the English strain which predominates, which has stamped us with its strong characteristics, which was the principal factor in our Revolution when we too defended our rights to self-government, and at length established our independence on the true basis of political, social, and individual liberty.

Such is a brief summary of the history lesson which my father gave me, and I was too interested to interrupt him. When he stopped, I asked him to explain different

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points in it. Some of them on which we did not dwell long referred to the special qualities of the Normans, — to their strength, their capacity for organization, the surprising degree of civilization which in a few years they brought to the province we were visiting. But the ideas which most struck me were those which my father developed on the general division of nations into two contrary formations, tending, with many shades of difference, the one to rely upon individual effort, on private energy and initiative, the other to depend specially on the principle of collectivity, the family, tribe, clan, city, or state. He called the first system “particularist,” and the second “communitarian.”

This was in answer to my remark that, while easily admitting his ideas on the preponderant role of the Saxon race in England and of England in the world, I did not understand why he seemed to overlook the part of France in the formation of *modernity*. If the term is not correct, I still beg that it may be left; it represents to me too much that is essential, yet too long to explain, — everything, in fact, in which we differ from the ancients before Christ, even the most cultivated, and from the ancients of our time. Yes, of our

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own time! And many of our contemporaries there are who have not known how, either in ideas, in politics, or in every-day life, to keep pace with the great march of humanity toward an ideal which itself advances in the measure and degree of our own progress.

“If,” said my father, “you had been able to follow my lectures last year, or even if you had read, as I strongly advise you to do, ‘L’Histoire de la Formation Particulariste,’ by Henri de Tourville,¹ you would have known that France indeed shared for centuries, and in a measure continues to share, in the advantages of this social formation which has made the superiority of England and of the nations issued from her. The Franks who re-created Gaul, and the Saxons who made England, had the same origin, the same formation. They both represented the perfect type of those Germans (particularists) already noticed by Tacitus, and who have, one may say, in place of the Roman Empire, organized Europe, hoping for better things. To understand the work of these so-called barbarians it suffices to contrast it with the sterile passage of the communitarian hordes, who also invaded the Empire, but without founding anything durable.

¹ Paris, Didot, in-8°.

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“Both Franks and Saxons were natives of that Scandinavia which the Goth historian Jornandes was right in showing was the cradle of nations, *officina vagina gentium*. It was in the fiords of Norway that they saw themselves constrained by the nature of the land, which offered them no other resources than fishing and a very little agriculture, to establish from the patriarchal and traditional family separate households, formed by their individual energy and spirit of enterprise. When the little spots of habitable land here and there on the borders of the fiords were nearly all occupied by families who, ever increasing, made new homes, the youths of the families went to seek their fortunes on the shores of Jutland and in the Saxon plains between the Elbe and the Rhine. On the shores of Jutland they kept up their maritime ascendancy, and from thence came the Angles, the Danes, and the Normans. In the Saxon plain, where the same phenomenon may still be observed, they developed in a supreme degree their aptitude for agriculture and rural life. On a domain where they produced everything necessary to existence, this love of independence and this desire and capacity of being self-sufficing took still deeper root. The children when grown up created,

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with their parents' aid, new domains in the neighboring territory; and when there was no more room for them, they went forth to conquer lands in the far distance. In England, where the Britons were easily repelled, they were able to effect a clearance and to develop at ease, according to their own fashion, as happened later on in America and Australia. In Central Europe, hampered by Celts, Germans, and Slavs, they penetrated too slowly to transform these communitarians thoroughly, and even lost somewhat of their own original vigor.

“They kept it almost intact in Western Europe, or, to speak more correctly, in the North of Gaul, thanks to the triumph of the Franks, who had come directly from the Saxon plain. The Franks were numerous enough, and above all energetic enough, to overthrow the legionaries, if not to replace the Gallo-Roman peasants. Attracted by rural life more than by the mirage of public functions, they took possession of the land and increased its value; they transformed the slaves into serfs and then into free tenants, and thus attached them as much to their persons as to their possessions; they established an entirely new society, this feudal organization,

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which made them, each one on his land, like so many petty sovereigns exempt from taxes, from military service, and from kingly jurisdiction. At the end of three centuries the Merovingian family, which had adopted Roman customs, was reduced by the families of its vassals; and the chief among them inherited at length the royal title. The first Carolingians, and Charlemagne himself, were only the greatest rural proprietors of their epoch; thus they personally managed their estates, and drew from them all their revenues, without the least hint of a common budget. Private life triumphed completely over public. It is impossible to be more particularist. When, however, the great Emperor was no longer there, and when by degrees his domains were portioned out among his descendants, who were very incapable, the great proprietors again emancipated themselves, neglected still more their feudal obligations, forgot as it were the existence of emperor or king, and contented themselves, not without reason, in raising the value of their land, by increasing with their property that of their vassals and tenants and serfs.

“Historians are wont to call this time of fruitful peace the Dark Ages, for they delight

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only in the sterile exploits of chivalry, the complicated regulations of jurists, and all the series of efforts by which the Capetian line were to revive the principle of central power, monarchical absolutism, the practices of the Roman Empire, and in short that ancient communitarian spirit found still in Oriental nations, which is apt to confound society with the State and the State with the sovereign. One must render this justice to the French Revolution, to Napoleon, and to the Republicans of our day, that they faithfully continue the tradition of the Capetian line. The ideas of Philippe le Bel and of Louis XIV, in so far as they inspire five or six hundred heads instead of one royal one, are as powerful at the Palais Bourbon as they could ever have been at Versailles or the Louvre.

“And it is a great misfortune,” added my father, “for France and for the world. This country had a mission, which it long exercised successfully and in which one does not see by whom it could be replaced. I am not narrow enough to dispute the intellectual superiority which it has inherited from Greece and Rome; which it has, I will add, perfected by contact with Christianity, by Franco-Saxon energy, and by modern discoveries. Placed by

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Providence at the confluence of two great formations, it was made — had it only known how to keep them evenly balanced, or rather to subordinate what was less good to what was more perfect — it was made, I say, to comprehend all nations and to be understood by them. In this people the qualities and ideas of the whole of humanity met; in it they met and completed each other, and thus arrived at full light and perfect form. What a destiny that of France might have been!”

I must have appeared to my father, as in fact I was, singularly interested in these broad but melancholy views. The next day, in fact just as we were about to part, he said:

“Do not believe that I despair of this beautiful France, for which I am happy to see your attachment increases every day. The theories of which I spoke to you yesterday are indeed the fruit of many years of study, and I have no intention of retracting them; but I fear that this brief summary has brought them too much into relief. Even to-day France is not totally weakened by the communitarian regime. There still remains to her, north of the Loire, a good deal of the particularist spirit; and I am not sure that the South, more favored by the spontaneous produce of

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the soil, more stimulated by its sun, above all more saturated with its ancient traditions, will continue to triumph over those provinces which are energetic and wise. But perhaps I am wrong in thus dividing France in two, and the social formations are probably mixed in more subtle doses. It is for you, my dear son, to judge for yourself, aided by the travels you have still to make, and I shall be sincerely glad to profit by the result of your observations."

CHAPTER V

AN INVENTORY

Inventories of the Possessions of Educational and Charitable Institutions taken by the French Government — The State regarded as the Supreme Master of the Citizens — Opposition to Inventories and Confiscations of Church Property — Freedom of the Church enhanced by Separation from the State — The Right formerly held by Government to appoint Ecclesiastical Dignitaries — Liberty of Episcopal Assemblies Due to Separation.

BERNARD, who is always amiable, complains of not seeing more of me. The fact is that I have spent all the time I could with my parents, previous to their departure. My friend pretends that I have kept a bad impression of our excursion to Bellevue, on account of the discussion between him and the Abbé Lagrange on the exegetical problem; and he speaks in such a way that one does not know whether he is only joking or really in earnest. If I laugh, he declares he is serious, and if I take him at his word, he makes fun of me. What am I to do?

He said they must try to efface that unpleasant remembrance of Bellevue; the Abbé

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and he, especially the Abbé, who was horrid, owed some reparation, and it should take place on the same spot as the crime. "We will pass by Bellevue to see the Sèvres Factory, lunch at the Pavillon Bleu, take a walk in the park of Saint Cloud, and return by the Bois. The first who speaks of religion will pay five louis into the Fund for the Unemployed Rich."

En route, then, for Bellevue. At nine o'clock in the morning, gay and noisy like schoolboys out for a holiday, we jumped out of the train. But what had happened? The pretty little station was full of gendarmes. Is it some official reception, or a *fête*? No, for in the street and square are groups of people, looking gloomily on and talking in low and animated tones.

"What will you bet that it is not the inventory?" grumbled Bernard. "Let us go away. I don't like these rows."

"I shall remain," said the Abbé, gravely.

"So shall I," I added, much interested, and in reality rather excited.

"I hope it will amuse you!" replied Bernard.

And we went up to the church.

For some weeks nothing had been spoken of but the inventories. The execution of this law

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had thrown the whole country into agitation. The French Parliament, when voting the Separation Bill, had had the singular idea of itself regulating almost every detail of the fresh organization of the religious bodies. Starting from the extraordinary principle that their goods belonged to the Government, the latter had confiscated — let us say detached — everything that had to do with educational and charitable institutions, and for the rest it had decided, without consulting the parties interested, in what manner and to whom should be awarded the places of worship and the various sums and legacies left by pious founders: the use of the first was granted; in the second case the capital remained untouched but under strict supervision.

At first I could not understand such a mode of procedure. It supposes, in fact, that the State is supreme master of the citizens and that they are dependent upon it for their rights, their wealth, and, I might say, their existence. I had read in history that they thought so in olden times and at the courts of absolute monarchs, but I did not know that modern nations supposed to be republican had the same idea. With us it is quite the reverse; the Government is instituted for the citizens and

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has no other object than to serve them, according to the words of the Gospel, which might be regarded as the principle of all true democracies: "The kings of the gentiles lord it over them; and they that have power over them are called beneficent. But you not so: but he that is the greater among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is the leader, as he that serveth."

I quite believe that many of the vexatious clauses in the Separation Bill, which render its application so difficult, proceed as much from an obsolete and tyrannical conception of authority as from any real hostility to religion. Too numerous are the politicians in France who act from motives of sectarian animosity, but still more numerous are those who recognize no bounds to the power of the State; that is the *esprit communautaire*, as my father explained it apropos of the Normans. Now the State, which was formerly one man, is to-day the majority of the members chosen by the people. Their will is all-powerful; true, there is a Constitution, but it is one which they can change and which does not even speak of any individual rights; there does not exist, even in name, any Supreme Court to which one may appeal from their tyranny.

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Yet the instincts of the people, which are in marked progress to the *esprit légiste*, have some difficulty in admitting the exercise of such unlimited power. Without some guarantee against the legislator, the citizens have not, and cannot have, that respect for the law which characterizes nations that are truly free; when they consider themselves harassed by a law, they do not dream, as we should, of simply abolishing it by electoral progress, but they declare it to be non-existent and seek for means to evade it. This absolutism gives birth to anarchy.

It is the same with the Separation. The Catholics, who are the chief sufferers, are wondering if they will accept the law. To this question, surprising to an American, but explicable enough after what I have just said, I do not know at this present time, and indeed no one knows yet, what answer will be made. The decision will come, it appears, from an assembly of bishops, and finally from the Pope, the Spiritual Head of the Catholics. In the meantime the laity, yielding on the one hand to their outraged sentiments and on the other to an undercurrent of antagonism, declare themselves decidedly in favor of resistance. By the time the hierarchy has finished its

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deliberations, their cause may be half lost. I have seen Catholics regretting that more precise instructions had not been given them from the very first.

The inventories were a natural consequence of the ideas explained above. Before transmitting to these so-called *associations cultuelles*, which may perhaps never exist, the possession of property which it treats as if it were its own, the Government has ordered its agents to draw up a complete statement of it and naturally sends them to operate in the churches. Naturally, also, certain Catholics rebel even among those who are quite indifferent to politics. It appears to them that the State arrogates to itself a power over that which belongs to them alone; they consider it a sacrilege for the fiscal agent to look at, touch, and value the different accessories of their worship, and even his entry into the sanctuary is, in their eyes, a profanation. In many places they have opposed it as far as possible by material force; without going as far as that (which I confess I prefer), they have almost everywhere formulated and claimed their rights in written protests and affirmed their sentiments in touching manifestations of faith. The preference for the one or the

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other of these attitudes has given rise to lively debates. I am curious to see which will be adopted here.

One can enter the church only by a side door and after making one's self known. Before the principal entrance, which is closed, the *curé* in surplice and stole stands waiting in the midst of his vicars and his sidesmen and five or six young men. For the Abbé Lagrange's sake he allows us to remain near him. The street is empty. On the pavement are indifferent onlookers, yet full of respect and sympathy; the real *fidèles* are inside the church. Opposite to us is a group of people of forbidding aspect. I ask if they are the *voyous* (roughs) of the place, and am told that they belong to the secret police. They are not in uniform and are not even dressed as gentlemen. For that reason they can the more easily mix with the crowd during the manifestations. No one can recognize them, and yet whoever resists them is accused of rebellion against authority. Is it not astonishing?

But the hour approaches for the visit of the official charged to make the inventory. A train is just arriving from Versailles. Is he in it? Yes, for there is a movement among

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the police; they take possession of the railway bridge, as if in view of possible battles; their ranks open, and a passage is made for the *Receveur*, accompanied by the Police Commissioner. On a given signal the great clock begins to strike in the heavy and oppressive silence, — a knell which will last for three hours, lugubrious and impressive and announcing whose death? Is it that of the Church, as so many desire, or the death of her adversaries, which a number of the faithful hope for? To me it seems to be neither, but the end of a century-old Concordat, and certainly more than that, the end of one social conception and of what remains of the *ancien régime*, the end even of a world. I cannot express all the philosophic thoughts that this funereal knell gave rise to, or how far it made me understand the necessity which is laid upon each of us, and on even the most venerable institutions, to be transformed, like the grain of wheat in the parable, in order to perpetuate ourselves, to die that we may live more fully.

It is this point which dominates all the rest in the memory I have of this strange scene. Pervaded, as it were, by these melancholy vibrations, some other details yet stand out

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clearly still, — the respectful and embarrassed calm of the two Government delegates before the protests which were read to them at the church door by the *curé* and the treasurer of the fabric; the emotion and the repellent bearing of the pious crowd whilst the agent of the Government traversed the ranks to get to the sacristy and the sanctuary; the vibrating fervor of the hymns sung, of the prayers recited during the time of the operation; the sadness, by degrees changing into indignation; the murmurs which arose; the threatening gestures; and lastly, had it not been for the discreet intervention of certain calm persons, and the wonderful tact of the police agent who hastened his companion's work, the imminent danger of seeing the sanctity of God's House profaned by scenes of violence.

Thanks always to the Abbé Lagrange, we were able to follow the melancholy *cortège*, All three of us entered the sacristy, where during two hours the first half of the operations took place. Bernard remained silent, following with cold disdain the two functionaries. I came and went, very excited, speaking at times to the treasurer of the fabric or to a young vicar. Both obstinately

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refused to give any information to the embarrassed Receiver, who noted down at random what he saw. At the entrance of the sanctuary, near the *curé* who was directing the prayers and chants, knelt the Abbé Lagrange, who would sometimes contemplate with emotion the altar or the assembly, and at others hide his head in his hands; or again, turning to our side, would follow through the open door the slow process of the inventory. Once he looked on for a quarter of an hour while the representative of the Government estimated, one by one, the small linen squares, of no mercantile value, which serve to cover the chalice during the mass; and then to see this sort of puerile profanation and the Government of his great country engaged in so miserable a task, perhaps also, when glancing toward the incensed crowd, to think of all the annoyances and misunderstandings in the midst of which his life as a priest would be spent, was too much for him, and he wept so bitterly that the tears came into my own eyes.

But the worst scenes must have an end. The inventory, which began after nine o'clock, finished about half past twelve, and the fiscal agent left the church, carrying his notes and

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quite unmoved by the objurgations of the crowd. We went to take our meal in a restaurant near, but scarcely exchanged a word. Then we walked on to Sèvres, as we had proposed. But our minds were too preoccupied with other things, and we took little interest in all the curiosities of the ceramic museum. We entered the park of Saint Cloud, and there stayed for a time under the silent trees, with the Seine at our feet ; on our right, the forests, and on our left, the hills ; the wide horizon of Paris in the distance. In this grandeur and calm we recovered somewhat of our serenity, and we began to speak of the Separation and its consequences. I could see that Bernard and the Abbé differed on the subject, the one approving and the other blaming any violent resistance ; the one expecting only ruin as a consequence of the new law, the other hoping that on the whole the benefits would outweigh the disadvantages.

But on account, no doubt, of the impression they had just experienced in common, the conversation did not as usual degenerate into a quarrel. They hardly discussed it, even, but each one stated the question under the aspect which most struck him, without attempting to contradict the other.

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That which shocked Bernard most was the incorrect, disdainful, brutal way in which the Catholic Church had been treated. In reality she has seen, he said, without any warning, without having even been consulted, the rupture of a reciprocal contract in which her signature was after all worth that of the other party; and there is no doubt that she would not have been treated with such neglect if she had defended the treaty with other arms than spiritual ones. Again, the State has taken no more account of her in establishing the new order of things than it did when destroying the ancient one. One clause at most in the law of 1905 gives her a kind of satisfaction, — that in which it is said that religious associations, in succeeding to the ancient establishments, must be conformed to the rules of the general organization of the worship whose exercise they propose to assure; but every time that a dispute arises on this point, the question will be decided by the *Conseil d'État* instead of, as it ought to be, by the heads of the Church. In this desire of systematically ignoring the Pope and all the hierarchy, the Church has seen a want of respect, and an idea of schism, and a contempt for her lawful constitution and rights. And our friend hoped

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that on this account she would never come to any agreement, or accept the law as it was at present, or authorize the *associations cultuelles*.

Besides these unmerited insults, continued he, there are all kinds of spoliation. The suppression of the *Budget des Cultes* (the stipends of the clergy) constitutes an injustice, a robbery, a veritable misuse of might against right. It was unjust thus to ignore a national debt; and the disputed ownership of the religious edifices, churches, presbyteries, and seminaries should have been offered in compensation. It was unjust to break an engagement entered into with the members of the clergy who had taken orders under the former regime; and they ought to continue paying them their stipends instead of allowing them, according to their age, either meagre and quite insufficient pensions or else grants of very short duration.

Nor is this the only injustice, continued Bernard, who, as an aid to the discussion, had taken from his pocket a pamphlet he had bought at Bellevue after the inventory, which contained the text of the law. By Article 5 the Church is deprived even of property attached to a pious foundation when this foundation is anterior to the Concordat. By Article 7 she is deprived of all personal and real

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estate devoted to some charity or to any other object not connected with the exercise of public worship ; and thus without any respect being paid to the donor's intention, all that she has received for charitable and educational purposes will pass by compulsion into other hands. Again, Articles 12 and 13 leave her only the precarious and conditional possession of the churches. Article 14 takes away at the expiration of two years the possession of the palaces of the bishops and archbishops, and in five years of the presbyteries, seminaries, and Catholic colleges. Contingently Article 9 deprives her of all her property without exception : first, in the case of her refusing to establish the *associations cultuelles* under the conditions which the State has fixed on beforehand without consulting her ; secondly, in case the association, even if legally constituted, should be dissolved on account of offences estimated and judged by the State alone. And even should there not be any shadow of offence, every *association cultuelle* whose property is contested by a group of the same name will see the *Conseil d'État*, or Council of State, decide with undisputed authority if it has the right to keep it or if it must give it up to the rival association ; for such are the terms of this harsh clause,



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which may even have the effect of rendering the whole law unacceptable.

If we add to these spoliations accomplished or threatened the useless annoyances and dangerous protection which it will continue to impose on the Church under pretext of guardianship or surveillance, we can understand that the Church is inclined to see in the new law only a false pretence of separation ; a real separation when it is a question of continuing the subvention of the State ; a total absence of separation, a continuation, and in certain cases an aggravation of bonds and servitude when it is a question of the use she will make of her liberty. Such at least, for instance, appears to her the paragraph of Article 5, which obliges her to invest in nominal rents the produce of the property that she would alienate ; Articles 21 and 22, which limit her resources and which organize a close surveillance by the *administration de l'enregistrement* and by the *inspection générale des finances* of her accounts, receipts, expenses, and of the funds still at her disposal ; Articles 34 and 35, which deprive the clergy of the jurisdiction of the common tribunals and punish them with fines or imprisonment for acts which under a regime of real separation would be judged like those

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of other citizens; lastly, Article 36, which makes the whole association civilly responsible for these crimes of exception, and which makes its whole existence depend on the real or imaginary faults of a minister whom doubtless it has chosen or accepted, but whose every deed or act it is impossible to regulate.

I had never so thoroughly understood the complaints of the Church. Such a blow to justice and liberty is scarcely conceivable to an American mind. I thanked Bernard for this explanation and asked the Abbé what he thought about it.

“Our friend,” he said, “is quite right, and all he has stated is only too true. Believe, then, that in spite of my liberalism I also share in the discontent of the Church, in her humiliation at being thus despised, her anxiety at the threats and restraints which weigh upon her future. And from a national point of view I am equally sad; nothing is so fatal to a country as to put half its children in a state of perpetual unrest and conflict with the governing power. But Bernard must not be vexed if I say that many as are the serious disadvantages which separation entails, they are yet more than

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compensated by the full liberty, which for the first time after long ages is at last restored to the Church, of choosing as she likes all her ministers, all the representatives of her hierarchy, from the *curés* to the bishops.

It seems, in fact, that since the Concordat of Napoleon I, and even for many centuries before, the appointment of ecclesiastical dignitaries was in a great measure in the hands of the civil power. I did not fail to question the Abbé as to this extraordinary custom, and this is his explanation of it:

It is true that clause 10 of the Concordat enacted that "the bishops should appoint their *curés*," or pastors of parishes, but it added immediately after that "their choice should fall only on those persons acceptable to the Government." One understands the gravity of this restriction and what conditions should be fulfilled in order to be acceptable to the Government, especially of late years. In reality it was, oftener than not, a moral impossibility for the bishops to appoint to any important posts the subjects they considered the most fitting to fulfil them. A vicar-general, a canon, a dean, the rector of any rather important parish, in order to be

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accepted by the Minister of Public Worship, must not have against him the deputy, or the prefect, or the sub-prefect, or the mayor, or the venerable of the masonic lodge, or the wine-merchant (that important elector), or any government agent. The obstacle to his acceptance did not proceed so much from his faults and his intrusions, real or supposed, into the political domain, as it did from his success in his works, in his pastoral zeal, in the successful mission he had had preached, or in the school or patronage which he had established or supported. Things had reached such a point that in certain cases the bishops, to avoid losing time in useless proceedings, would themselves cast aside the most deserving candidate and present two, three, or four others in succession, each time going a degree lower in the scale of merit.

In order to ensure the success of these nominations, and also to serve a number of other religious interests which implied the co-operation of the Civil Power, they saw themselves constrained, under pain of arresting all spiritual life in their dioceses, to act with much precaution and prudence, and even to make some compromise which, without affecting the essential rights of the Church,

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provoked in their flocks the facile and intemperate indignation of the *zelanti*, the broilers, and the politicians. Between the hostility of the Government on the one hand and the exaltation of certain *fidèles* on the other, the administration of a diocese became the heaviest and saddest of tasks. How many there were who, accepting it without much hesitation, regretted the former liberty of their sacerdotal zeal, and after a few years succumbed under the burden of annoyances, griefs, and calumnies.

The bishops, profiting without delay by the facilities of the new law, have already provided for those posts which have long been empty; they have appointed to the chief offices excellent priests who for many years had been ostracized by the Government.

In this respect, one may be sure, not one of them would wish to return to the former state of things, and when they have for some time made use of so important a liberty, one cannot see what advantages the Concordat could offer to make them sacrifice it without regret. They know through history how rare and how valuable is the privilege they now enjoy, and that formerly, also, the intervention of the royal power, of the *seigneurs*

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and *abbés de cour*, in providing for *curés*, did not always serve the true interests of religion. Among the numerous patrons who had the right of nomination to ecclesiastical offices the bishop had by no means the chief part; in the diocese of Lyons, for example, the archbishop disposed of only a quarter of the nominations.

The law of 1905 does not intervene in the choice of the bishops any more than in that of the parish priests. And this also is a great novelty in the history of the Church of France. Here at one stroke is effaced the servile and strict dependence of five centuries. To be sure, the canonical institution of the bishops was left to the Pope, because that is regarded in the Church as an inalienable right; but their nomination under the Concordat of Francis I, as well as under that of Napoleon I, was left to the head of the State. This is still the practice in those countries which have a Concordat, — Bavaria, Spain, Portugal, Peru, Austria-Hungary. Even in certain heretical or schismatical countries, like Prussia and Russia, one may elect only those candidates that are acceptable to the Government; and the greater part of the Republics in Central or South America, while rejecting

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their Concordats, still claim to control the choice of the bishops. In the past we must almost always go back to the first four centuries to meet with complete liberty in the nominations or elections.

There would be nothing to say about the *Constitution Civile* of the clergy, were it not that Catholic orators had lately gone so far as to proclaim it less schismatic and even better than the law of 1905. Now, according to the *Constitution Civile*, the bishops had to be named by the political electors of the departments, whether Catholic or not, and, without any interference of the Pope, to receive the canonical institution from the oldest suffragans, or, failing them, from the *Conseil d'État*. The *curés* themselves were appointed by the electors of the parish, and they asked for their confirmation, first of all from the bishop, and then, if he refused it, from the civil tribunal of the district.

“But,” I asked the Abbé Lagrange, “what use will the Church of France make of the liberty which is restored to her in the choice of her ministers?”

He answered that that was rather too premature a question, and one which was not

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even raised as far as the different degrees of the hierarchy are concerned. For instance, the appointment of the vicars-general, the immediate auxiliars of the bishop, will naturally be left to the bishop alone. Whether the nomination to the clerical offices be left to the bishop alone, or the rules of the canon law be again put in force,—according to which it depends on the voting,—is for the present quite uncertain, and all we can do is to express, though not very hopefully, a respectful preference in favor of a return to the canon law.

The mode of nomination for the bishops does not yet appear to be decided in the texts, but it begins to be defined in the sense of what may be called the “recommendation.” The State no longer interferes; the Chapters have no chance of regaining their ancient privileges of election. Rome until now (and it is to be hoped that she will persevere in this attitude) has not wished to impose on us direct nomination, which she uses almost exclusively in heretical, infidel, or barbarous countries. There remains, then, only the recommendation by lists, which is customary in our day in all English-speaking countries,—Ireland, England, Scotland, Australia, Canada,

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the United States. By this system the clergy of the diocese have the power of voting, and the bishops of the province each make a list, the same or different, of three names to submit to Rome. The Pope knows that the first on the list is the favorite candidate, and he generally chooses that one, without however relinquishing the right which he has of taking the second candidate or the third, sometimes even of appointing one whose name is not on the lists.

In the nominations which he has made in France this year, the Head of the Church has regulated his choice by the lists, but by the lists drawn up by the bishops of the province in which was the vacant see and of those of the neighboring provinces. The clergy have not been consulted. Will they continue to take no account of the clergy? Many suppose so, but without any real grounds. The episcopate, they say, thinks that it will make a better choice than the clergy, just as the latter believed it would make a better one than the people, who were the electors during the first centuries, — in waiting doubtless till the Roman curia considers itself capable of making a better one even than the episcopate.

The Abbé Lagrange regrets that the clergy

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have no voice in the election. The diocese most interested will be the only one, says he, which has exercised no influence in the choice of its head; and, on the other hand, a body which is recruited by its members themselves has less chance of renewal and adaptation. There is great need of union. The two lists would make this more complete; the clergy of the diocese would be already attached to the bishop of their choice; the bishops of the province would also be in agreement with the colleague they had approved of. At least one will be sure of this second benefit, and by means of it of securing a united episcopate, a Church of France.

The idea of this union led the Abbé Lagrange to insist on another advantage of separation, the liberty of episcopal assemblies, which it appears is quite new in France. The prelates, from their very first reunion at the Archbishop's House in Paris, have shown the value they attached to it; and they could not help alluding to it in the telegram they first of all sent to Pius X: "Holy Father, at this moment when the bishops of France have met together to deliberate freely on the needs of the present time, they hasten to lay at the feet of Your Holiness the homage of

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their filial and absolute devotion, and to give you the assurance that they will always remain, whatever may happen, as inviolably attached to the interests of the faith which is in their keeping as to the greatness and prosperity of the country which they so ardently love and so passionately desire to serve."

"This was the first time in a hundred and twenty years," declared the Abbé Lagrange, enthusiastically, "the first time that we priests and Catholics of France have seen our chiefs deliberating in common about our most serious interests. From the respect and submission with which, with certain important exceptions, we have waited and are ready to receive their orders sanctioned by the Pope, we may without too great temerity expect the speedy end of the division, disorders, indecision, and contradictions which were weakening us more and more every day, and which in the end, without any violence but none the less certainly, would have brought about the utter extinction of all religious life. The recruiting of the bishops by coöptation assures the unity of their views; the frequency and regularity of their assemblies assures their unity of action. And the union of the bishops means the unity of the clergy, who

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are now responsible to them alone, and consequently the unity of the faithful, wearied out with the former anarchy and ready for obedience and self-sacrifice. The reconstitution of the Church of France was worth more than the loss of the ecclesiastical grants; it will even compensate and repair the spoliation and injustice which the law of 1905 established or preserved."

Decidedly the Abbé Lagrange is an optimist. I believe he is right, and that unless there are any unforeseen obstacles the Church of France will finish by gaining under the new regime more than she will have lost.

CHAPTER VI

AN OLD PROVINCE

Travelling Third Class to Souillac — Ancient Villages and Castles in Quercy — Cordiality between the Upper Classes and the Peasantry — A Good Parish Priest — A Two Days' Excursion in the Valley of the Dordogne.

BUT a truce to discussion. My father's friends and my own are now taking their holidays. There is no longer anything to keep me in the capital, so with the rest I can take flight to the province. Here I am, then, *en route* for Le Quercy, for my first country visit.

I do not know why my travelling third class was considered so extraordinary. After all, I reached Souillac just as soon as the magnates who went first; and though I must admit that the seats were somewhat hard, still I found compensation in having pleasant travelling companions; we soon felt at ease, rendered each other trifling services, conversed, and thus beguiled the tedium of the journey. A Frenchman of the lower class is always *bon enfant*, though he is at times rather rowdy,

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judging from what I saw after leaving Limoges. In the compartment next to mine, divided by a low wooden partition, some noisy soldiers were indulging in a good deal of rude horse-play with some young girls; it must be owned that the latter were only half-hearted in their protestations. Still, such an incident would be impossible in America; women here are not protected as with us. Madame van Vorst, who is well known in Paris, and whom I had the pleasure of meeting there, declared it was absolutely impossible to make the same experiment of life among the working class as she did in the United States.

The three soldiers in my compartment, in which there were also some young girls, behaved very correctly. I cannot help thinking that my presence and that of another gentleman served as a restraint; they smiled at us, and seemed to wish to excuse the thoughtlessness of their companions. The mixture of class with class which prevails among us, at least in the external relations of social life, is salutary for all. Our workingmen become more refined in their manners, while the others lose something of their aloofness and gain more experience of life.

When I at length reached Souillac, twilight

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was fast fading; it was the moment when the moon appears in the sky which is still irradiated by the sun's afterglow; the landscape then stands out with peculiar distinctness. From the beautiful viaduct of thirty arches by which we enter the valley of the Dordogne, we see outlined against the clear sky the least details of the sculptured belfry of the *hôtel de ville*, that quaint steeple of a vanished church, and also the ancient abbey with its apse in pure Roman style.

We build such in America, with angles and arches which appear to us the same, and yet they are not so. Our churches betray their twentieth-century origin, and this one shows clearly its twelfth. In what, then, lies the difference? If the reproduction be exact, the effect ought to be identical.

It is the same with this Chateau of Nalzac where my friends live. After all, it is nothing more than an ancient dwelling; and at first sight one does not perceive what hinders it from being commonplace, and yet it certainly is not so. Perhaps this may be owing to its walls, which are one metre and a half in thickness; to its grand staircase occupying the greater part of the hall; or again, to its square tower standing just where it should, in

the corner of the rectangle. Then there is the chapel, whose pavement of tiny stones dates from the fourteenth century, and whose arches, formerly perfect, are now unluckily broken in their span by an ill-placed ceiling. Above all, there is the terrace walk dominating the Dordogne, and the natural park overlooking the river. The first evening, after dinner, we went for a moonlight ramble, climbing warily the steep goat-track which winds up under the overhanging trees. These are growing in every kind of fantastic form; some towering aloft, others overhanging the stream and seemingly trying to span it; others again growing downwards, with their boughs much lower than their roots, which are clinging to the rock. And through all this luxuriant tangle of waving branches the moonbeams are straying, making little facets of light, here plainly visible, there intercepted; to the left on the sandy path, on the gleaming bark of the trees, on the big white stones, they are tracing a whole world of gnomes and phantoms, whilst on our right we see other fantastic shapes and forms mirrored in the deep waters of the lake below. For we have halted in a glade, and beneath us lies a large sheet of tranquil water, in which the sky is clearly

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reflected, and in whose bosom the stars seem floating, like little diamond barks. Beyond, in the far distance, are the undulating hills, with their dense shadows merging into infinite gloom.

On the morrow in the bright sunshine, I saw that much of the poetry of the scene was owing to the moonlight; yet all its beauty was not due to her enchantment, for by day also the country is full of charm.

I love its sterile plateaus, or *causses*, where the white chalk shows clearly under the gray stones and beneath the pale green of the mosses and scanty herbs. I love its wooded coombs, or valleys; its fields of red soil, either tilled, or still covered with vines, tobacco, or maize, and bounded by enormous walnut trees; its rivers, or rather river, — this Dordogne with its numerous little islands, its changing currents, its wide stretches of sand, all adorning the parks of the castles perched on its banks. As a stream it is not navigable, nor do its waters feed any factory; it is useless, capricious, elegant, like many perhaps of the fair *châtelaines* dwelling on its borders.

I was more than astonished on finding how very behindhand some of the villages were; in one of them, the little market-town of

Cazoulès, I saw peasants threshing their corn with flails, as in the time of Virgil. But that which from the very first aroused my enthusiasm was the time-worn and venerable aspect of the houses, churches, and castles. Here you are told, quite naturally, of their three, four, or even nine centuries of existence; this nave, for instance, dates from the time of St. Louis, that donjon from that of Charlemagne. Double the age of the United States, double the lapse of time which separates us from Christopher Columbus, and still you will not reach the age of these edifices, in which men dare to live and speak as if they themselves had built them.

How I should like to penetrate into the secret of souls thus formed! How such an association of ideas, such a chain of influences, must unconsciously impregnate them with much that is unreal and unpractical, but still perhaps with an innate poetry and depth of feeling! Which is really better, to be nursed by a foster-mother and brought up among peasants, speaking only their *patois*, until five or six years of age, — as I am told is still often the case in Le Quercy among the children of the rich, — then to spend a short time in the family castle, and afterwards to be placed in



THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN PARIS

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a monastery of priests, all friends of tradition ; or to be educated as we are at home, at school, at college, always breathing the atmosphere of the modern, the living, the independent, the responsible?

For myself, I am too American to judge impartially ; but as the difference consists in having one's face turned toward that which has been or toward that which will be, I must say I infinitely prefer the future to the past ; and rather than be influenced by any preconceived ideal, I desire to keep the power of creating one for myself from moment to moment. For my watchword will ever be *Excelsior*. I can only imagine my standard floating on summits as yet unattained, but which I may reach in time ; and then, not before, my thought — my own thought, not those of the dead and gone — will plant it on still higher peaks, to which I shall again endeavor to climb :

For a man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what is a heaven for ?

You ask, what is my ideal ? That will depend on the circumstances and opportunities of my life, not on what people will say, still less on what has already been said ; its

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one unchanging essential will be to rise above what I am at the present moment, as regards virtue, character, power; and none of the means — health, riches, distinction, knowledge — which can increase my influence on others or further my own development will appear unworthy of my strenuous efforts.

At least that is my own conception of the ideal. Here I see — and it comes as a revelation — there are other ways of comprehending and realizing this same good. My friend De Nalzac and his wife are bound by many ties to the past, and still their action and influence are no less effectual in the present day. She has all the grace and charm of the *ancien régime* and would have been appreciated at Versailles; yet this does not in the least prevent her from understanding the most advanced views in politics and sociology, nor, on the other hand, from having friendly relations with the good people of the parish. He, who in Paris is the brain of several extensive financial concerns and the heart of much important philanthropical work, is here content to be simply the chief citizen of his village, always ready to advise and help any who have recourse to him, but at the same time careful to avoid

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the slightest appearance of anything bordering on patronage. He is neither deputy nor mayor, nor even a town councillor; but for this very reason no one is his enemy, and his services are readily accepted by all. To those who reproach him for his abstention, he replies that in certain cases an electoral mandate may be necessary, but as his own borough is not too badly represented, it is better to leave things *in statu quo* than run the risk of worse.

Although he rarely discusses these questions, he does not seem to accord any more confidence to the Deputies of the Right than to those of the Left; and once again, I must own that in France reasonable people are partisans of a liberal Republic. Nalzac has a way which pleases me of listening in silence to all political discussions; of smiling at the Conservatives, who are indignant that strikes should be permitted, and of placidly regarding those who are alarmed at the *péril clérical*. At the same time, with all his modernity, he is yet a man of the past. He has always viewed things in the same light, and has always intended to do as he now does. From his earliest infancy he has been intimate with the Nalzac peasants, and he used to delight

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in accompanying his mother in her visits to them; for she herself had already established this relation of friend and neighbor rather than that of a benevolent châtelaine. When pursuing his law studies, he specially devoted himself to the practical side of this science, and he longed to become, what in fact he is, the counsellor of the whole parish. He has always realized his special duties as a descendant of the seigneurs of Nalzac, but at the same time he has always fulfilled them as a citizen of a democracy.

One duty there is to which he evidently attaches great importance: he believes himself called upon to uphold with all his might religious beliefs, and I am astonished to see how far he succeeds, continuing, in this point as in all else, to maintain the strong family tradition. This form of action is of all the most difficult, and it is exercised rather through example than by advice. Nothing encourages it more than the regular assistance at the Sunday services, and the habit of mixing with the groups leaving the church and conversing in a friendly manner of their material or moral interests, of their crops, or of the health and education of the children, but rarely speaking of religion and never of politics.

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There is a chapel in the castle, but it is open only during the week, and hence does not interfere with attendance at the parish offices. It shows, however, the importance attached to religious things, and it serves, as I have found, to foster sentiments of piety in the hearts of the children. I have seen my friend assisting the priest at mass with his little boy aged six. The child was quite absorbed by his great role; he seemed like a little cherub in adoration. To his simple faith, God was as assuredly there present as the priest. It may be because of their beliefs respecting the eucharist that Roman Catholics enjoy a singular intimacy with Christ. One evening during my visit this same little boy was running past the chapel; some special game prevented him from making his usual visit; he half opened the door, saying aloud, "Bonsoir, mon Dieu!" I was there, but unseen by him. His words touched me strangely.

I have no doubt that it is greatly owing to the De Nalzac family that this parish has remained more religious than the neighboring ones. But it has also been fortunate in possessing a priest whose like one would wish to see everywhere. The venerable Abbé Maubel, who has been there for more than thirty

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years, knows and loves every one of his parishioners, while they look upon him as a father and friend. He has never had anything to do with politics, and some of his friends even reproach him for his indifference in such matters, but without making the slightest impression. His politics consist in preaching the Gospel to all, giving religious instruction and aid to souls, and relieving to the best of his power their material necessities. He sympathizes heartily with his parishioners in all their joys and sorrows, as a man and a friend as well as a priest, rejoicing in their joy before telling them to thank God for it, and mingling his tears with theirs as well as offering them spiritual consolation. He did not give me the impression of being a very cultured man, nor do I think his intelligence was beyond the average; but this very fact is a proof of what any priest may accomplish with good sense, charity, and an evangelical spirit. This one certainly labors well in that part of the vineyard which the great Husbandman has given him to cultivate, without troubling himself as to what the ground produced before his time or concerning himself about his neighbors' farms. I should not be astonished if his philosophy

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might be summed up in these simple terms : "God has told me to be the *curé* of Nalzac at the present time ; let me, then, do my best." And he does it to everybody's satisfaction.

I know a young American, one not of his religion, yet who was charmed with his last sermon. It was the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. On this day, throughout France, vespers are followed by a procession instituted by Louis XIII in the first half of the seventeenth century in order to dedicate his kingdom to the Mother of Christ. I wondered at the maintenance of this custom after so many revolutions, and I desired to accompany my friends to church. As to the procession, it was nothing very extraordinary, while the singing was anything but good. But the brave *curé*, leaving on one side the burning question of the encyclical, which had appeared that very morning, condemning in France the *associations cultuelles*, preached a sermon which quite surprised me. I had expected to hear all kinds of exaggerated praises and legendary stories. But he told us only of facts narrated in the Gospel, showing us the Virgin as a model in the ordinary phases of family life : occupied when at Nazareth with her household duties, and afterwards following

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with devoted self-effacement the public teaching of her Divine Son, resigned not only to those griefs which are inseparable from every existence, but to that supreme trial the death of her Son on Calvary. In conclusion, he spoke of her meeting in heaven her parents Joachim and Anna, with St. Joseph and Jesus Christ, just as we hope to find our ancestors there if we have their faith and virtue, and as our own children will rejoin us later if we are careful to bring them up in the same principles. All this was put into familiar and persuasive language, so well adapted to his hearers that no one, not even a child, lost a word of it. This reminder of the most simple yet most important duties, this compassion for earthly bereavements, this glimpse of the eternal life beyond, furnished these poor people with a teaching and inspired them with an ideal which, it seems to me, neither philosophers nor politicians can improve upon or surpass. One cannot help wondering, especially when coming from a country like our own, in which religion is respected and liberty flourishes, how it is possible for a government to wage war against such beneficent influences.

I do not profess to answer this question. I might have done so, perhaps, before coming

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to France, like so many others, who from afar, and judging according to their own tendencies, see in it only the perversity of politicians or a legitimate precaution against clericalism. For myself, I believe that political blindness and hatred are the principal factors in the present crisis, but at the same time I cannot but think that if the Church had shown herself to the French people under the evangelical aspect of the *curé* of Nalzac, her adversaries would have found it difficult to prejudice them against her.

That which inclines me to this opinion, at least just now, is a visit we made to a neighboring village, a kind of dead-alive little place. Grouped around a deserted castle were a few miserable houses, a church, and a presbytery ; such was Radilhac. One had not even a glimpse of the horizon, so buried was it among the trees. The family bearing the same name, one well known in France, refuse to live in this wretched spot, and finding no one who cares to buy the chateau, content themselves with just keeping a roof on, lest the rain might completely destroy it. The great courtyard, long since overgrown with grass, is now guarded by a flock of geese, which make a vigorous assault upon us, with outstretched

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necks and deafening cries, while a dog rushes out of the farmhouse barking loudly. In spite of such a welcome we advance courageously toward the immense gray façade of the closed castle. From her threshold the farmer's wife calls to us; we retrace our steps, and her husband kindly escorts us to the presbytery, where he leaves us without entering himself.

The *curé* has already seen my friends; he greets them with marked deference, and taking several bunches of rusty keys, offers himself as our guide. He first shows us over the church, a gem of the twelfth century, restored by his care, with a taste that certainly does him credit at least as regards the architecture; the statue of St. Anthony, painted in blue and pink, does not hinder us from admiring the pure style of the edifice; on the contrary, it may possibly have the effect of inducing devotion, by obliging people to close their eyes. All along the walls the tombstones have been placed upright, and the *curé* shows us the names of all the departed Radilhacs of the different centuries. Having obtained two thousand francs from their descendants for the restoration of the church, he had the arms of the family placed over the porch,

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and was very indignant at being obliged to remove them by an order from the prefecture. He told us of a scene which took place here during the revolution. A band of the inhabitants of Rocher, a neighboring village, arrived before the castle, intending to pillage or destroy it. Only one Radilhac was there, one of the *grandes dames* celebrated at Versailles for beauty and wit. Seeing the enemy approach, she knew which were the most appropriate weapons of combat; in great haste she had three huge casks of wine brought to the square and let the brave *sans-culottes* drown their ardor. The castle was saved.

On mounting the grass-grown steps, we reached the grand entrance of the castle. On our way and while the *curé* was trying the different keys, I questioned him about his parishioners. He had not a good word for them. I asked him if they still had any religion.

“None at all,” he replied, “or at most a little religiosity.”

“Do they go to mass on Sundays?”

“Oh, as to that, yes.”

“And how many perform their Easter duties?”

“Why, nearly all of them.”

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“Then, why do you say they are not religious?”

“It is only hypocrisy. They are all socialists.”

“But I don’t understand such hypocrisy. What advantage is there in their going to church if they are not religious?”

The worthy pastor gave me no direct answer; he began a long recital of all kinds of political intrigues, accusing some of his parishioners of even wishing for his death. With my most innocent air I again asked the reason. But we had arrived at the castle, which closely resembled the legendary one of the sleeping beauty. We entered a magnificent salon propped up by the trunk of a great tree; on its walls were many pastels covered with cobwebs, beneath which high-born dames seemed to be smiling at us; there were also portraits of generals, bishops, and abbesses, in broken and mutilated frames; we saw nails too which showed where tapestries formerly hung, and between two armchairs of the time of Louis XV a heap of plaster had fallen. There was a library with a collection of the *Mercure de France*, giving the current news of the year 1750, and we found a catalogue chiefly of military works; but there we

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also saw, side by side, a *Méthode d'oraison mentale* and *l'Art de plaire à la cour*.

Willingly would I have indulged in the melancholy which seemed to emanate from all these ancient relics, with their close and musty smell, if only our cicerone had deigned to interrupt his tirades against our own age mingled with his regrets over the past. But through all his explanations concerning the campaigns, titles, and offices of those dead and gone Radilhacs, both military and ecclesiastical, he did not cease his recriminations against the present state of affairs, and even against the noble family which left him sole guardian of so many glorious memories. After God, he told us (this after is rather amusing), there is nothing to interest him in this wretched place except this poor castle.

“Ah, Monsieur le curé, how well I now understand the feelings of your parishioners, and how easily I could explain the anti-religious crisis of your country, if, which God forbid, there were in each diocese only twenty priests like yourself and twenty religious! But I must own that during the whole of my stay I have never met another such custodian of ruins in your respected garb.”

“Don't excite yourself,” said Nalzac, on our

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return from this excursion. "There is some excuse for the poor man. When he came here twenty years ago, there were three hundred inhabitants; to-day there are two hundred, and you have heard that in the first eight months of the year there has not been a single baptism. Now that separation is accomplished, I suppose that priests will no longer be allowed to grow embittered in such solitary misery; several will be lodged together in decent dwellings, and from thence will go forth to evangelize the neighboring parishes. To think that in many dioceses it has been necessary to isolate poor young priests, the very day after their ordination, in parishes as wretched as this one, where no one practises his religion! In America you are more fortunate; you expend your moral and physical force only where there may be some result. With us a miller is installed, and water is sent to every mill, even if no one ever brings any corn to it."

"Even if there is no longer any wheel?" I asked.

"Yes, even if there is no wheel!"

But all the vestiges of the past with which this quaint province of Quercy is covered are

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not so irritating. On the contrary, we had many pleasant excursions which have left a memory of picturesque scenes and reposeful but melancholy calm. The fortified castles, whether ruined or restored, bear witness to the independent spirit which, until the end of the eighteenth century, prevented this region passing from under the suzerainty of the viscounts of Turenne to that of the French crown. The churches and shrines, still visited by the pious people, attest the antiquity and the survival of the old traditions. The steep cliffs, their sides worn away by watercourses; the chaos of rocks, alternating with bare *causses* and smiling valleys; but above all the mysterious caves, those strange abysses by which one reaches the nether world, — all tell us of prehistoric times and give to the term *vieux monde*, so suggestive to our youthful imagination, an indefinite and remote meaning which reaches far back to the beginning of Creation. How young America is when seen from Le Quercy!

But I must describe a two days' excursion.

In a light carriage, drawn by two strong mountain horses, we started early one morning for Roc-Amadour. It is nearly three hours' drive, and there was nothing to break

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the monotony except the picturesque bridge of Meyronne, framed in by rocks, and the rain which tried, but ineffectually, to damp our spirits. We were even grateful to it for having transformed the usual glowing landscape of Roc-Amadour into a gloomy evocation of the Middle Ages.

Leaving the carriage, we descended the narrow gorge and, passing under the pointed arch of the fortified gates, walked through the one street of which the town can boast. On our left was a green valley ; on our right a confused mass of houses clinging to the sides of the steep mountain, and then the marvellous sight of the seven chapels half dug out of the huge rock and half suspended, one cannot see how, on the edge of the abyss, with their towers, steps, bell turrets, all mixed in a bewildering and tangled maze, — a fantastic poem whose rhythm is inspired by a movement of pious devotion ; a symphony without other unity than the *leit-motiv* of a faith ever recurring throughout all the ages. From a church which dates from the fifteenth century you pass to others of the thirteenth and twelfth ; and such is the sense of mystery brooding over all that you are scarcely surprised at being shown Roland's sword, the



A SCENE IN ROC-AMADOUR

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far-famed Durandal, hanging on the wall, or on being told that the pilgrimage goes back to the publican Zaccheus — Amadour, the friend of God — who came here after Christ's Ascension.

Before leaving this strange spot we climbed to the summit of the castle, and from its overhanging terrace had a superb view of the whole, — turrets, steeples, naves, apses, ancient houses, and stone roofs, long stretches of meadow land, and directly opposite the bleak mountain. The sun appears for an instant, lighting up the wonderful scene, as if proud to show how much the beauty of a landscape is owing to his rays.

And yet there are some that are independent of his power. We soon had a proof of this at the Gulf of Padirac. Two hours of rapid driving across the *causses*, which are varied by the fertile valley of Salviat, brings us to a barren plain on which a few huts are erected. All at once, with no intimation but the precaution of a hand-rail, a gulf opens before us measuring not less than eighty metres in depth; its round opening is thirty feet in diameter, and fifty at the bottom. We see men below who appear to us to be dwarfs, whom we soon join by means of an iron

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stair. Arrived there, we descend still farther, by the help of a guide, into the very bowels of the earth. Huge grottoes succeed to narrow passages. Low roofs, against which one fears to strike one's head, alternate with those of prodigious height; empty spaces with groups of stalactites; gloomy caverns with crystal walls sparkling like diamonds in the reflection of our magnesium light. At length we come to the borders of the Styx. In awestruck silence we take our places in a primitive bark, and beneath the vaulted arches, a hundred metres high, we slowly descend the black stream. Even our chance companions, whose vulgar pleasantries make us long to pitch them overboard, are impressed by the majesty of the scene, and our voyage in these infernal regions is a silent one. Dante's dream is realized!

When we at length return to earth, after an hour and a half of this strange experience, the clouds have dispersed; the bright sunlight and the azure of the sky accentuate the contrast, as if to engrave more deeply in our memories the appearance of those regions of darkness, and then we drive quickly away toward the gorge of Autoire, a gloomy pass between two mountains abruptly terminating

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in steep walls, beyond which we have a glimpse of smiling villages and green pastures. Here and there on the hillside stands a fine castle with its frowning towers, and in the distance, as far as the eyes can reach, the gray-blue outlines seem to touch the sky. Dominating all these marvels and memories, we see the fortress of Castelnau, glowing in the rays of the setting sun. For many an age it has valiantly guarded Le Quercy, and in 1150 was unsuccessfully besieged by the King of England. To-day an illustrious tenor holds his court there, and, according to gossip, desirous of preserving its local color, entertains from time to time a certain archbishop, an admirer of this fine relic of the Middle Ages. Opposite this fortified castle of Loubressac, an academician, who wrote the comedy "The Prince d'Aurec," seems quite resigned to his seigneurial existence. There are also Montal, a little gem of the Renaissance, and many another of these feudal castles, in which, by right of beauty or fortune, one of my own fair compatriots may often be reigning. But perhaps, above all else, I prefer those two towers above St. Céré, the towers of St. Laurent, rising in the distance beyond, which detach themselves like silhouettes

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against a panel of dark-blue sky. And so we end our delightful day in this picturesque setting of the Umbrian school.

A legend enhances the poetry of this spot. It is the history of St. Spérie, the sister of Cerenus, who owned this tract of country in the time of the Romans. Spérie had embraced Christianity. Beautiful as the day, she was asked in marriage by a pagan lord, her brother's friend, and saw no way of escaping from his importunities but by flight. She therefore took refuge in the woods which covered the mountain on the other side of the river. But Cerenus and his friend, accompanied by soldiers, discovered her hiding-place, and—a singular method of gaining their end—they cut off her head. The poor child calmly took it up in her arms and washed it carefully at a neighboring ford. It is on this spot that the Church of St. Céré is built, and it is here that she is venerated as a blessed martyr.

But to return to realities. We rested from all our fatigues in a simple but homelike hotel, where one is almost as badly lodged as one is well fed. A cousin of De Nalzac, hearing of our arrival, hastened to see us, and took us to spend the evening with a



A VIEW OF CARÉNAC.

1875

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doctor, a perfect type of country gentleman, who introduced us to all the wonders of the district by means of photographs. It was decided that the next day he, his charming wife, and the cousin should accompany us and show us Taillefer and Carénac, which are situated opposite Castelnau.

Of Taillefer nothing is left but four walls standing on a rocky promontory. It is soon described, but no words can do justice to its solitary grandeur; and that which renders it still more original, being a half-Gascon castle, is that it has no history. Having seen from this height not only all the landscape of yesterday, but also Beaulieu and the proud towers of Turenne and even as far as some distant ruins which the doctor told me were Roman, being those of the Puy d'Issolad quoted by Cæsar himself under the name of Uxellodunum, — we are far enough now from the boulevards of Chicago! — we descended toward the lakes which the Dordogne spreads at our feet among the clumps of trees. And here is Carénac, seemingly buried in slumber; here are the towers and the latticed windows of its ancient priory; and here, when you have passed under the arch of a crumbling gateway, you see the exquisite portal of an old church,

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of pure Roman style. In the interior, in spite of the rays of sunlight penetrating through the arches of its few but perfect windows, freshness and gloom reign beneath its vaulted roof. In one corner, dark and mysterious, there is a "Descent from the Cross," the chef-d'œuvre perhaps of fifteenth-century sculpture. Grouped around the Christ, divinely serene in death, and bending over Him in attitudes of tender and mournful resignation, are the figures of Mary, St. John, Mary Magdalene, and Joseph of Arimathea. It is like humanity burying her ideal, yet calm because she knows it will rise again.

Fénelon lived near here, and I have seen the village which bears his name, the castle and even the room in which he was born. He was a frequent guest at Carénac. Did he ever kneel before this beautiful group, and did he, the refined classical scholar, appreciate its naïve and profound art? Tradition is silent on the point. But it tells us that this nest of verdure under the windows of the priory suggested to the gentle Archbishop Calypso's island. And I, who used to learn French by reading "Les Aventures de Télémaque," just as over here they learn Greek from the *Odyssey*, would not have been more surprised

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had I seen the town of Troy or the island of Ithaca suddenly appear before my eyes.

My visit to Quercy did not end with these reminiscences of bygone days, but with the inauguration of things new and strange.

At Bardilhac, another old manor-house splendidly situated on one of the most picturesque windings of the Dordogne, we rejoined, on the eve of my departure, some charming friends who had arranged quite a novel kind of excursion for us. We drove off gayly by vineyards, fields, and woods, until we saw at our feet the smiling valley of the Ouyse, framed in by two steep mountains, one of which is crowned by the ancient towers of Belcastle, while the other has an opening at its base like the jaws of a monster, forming the immense grotto of La Cave.

It is there we had to descend.

A guide was waiting for us, and, paying no heed to the warning "Danger" written up over the entrance, he led us, among busy workmen and through all the machinery of a complete electric installation, first into a passage five hundred yards long, afterwards into strange halls, to the bottom of precipices and to unexpected lakes, and to an enchanted

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scene of stalactites and stalagmites, still more varied and sparkling than even those of Padirac. All the dark and unsuspected corners were lighted up for us, and out of them emerged, like statues of mother-of-pearl, troops of pale phantoms, like those in Dante's "Purgatory" who came forth to see the poet and Beatrice pass. At the very end of the last excavated galleries we met the presiding deity of this kingdom of shadows, who has had the mountain pierced to make a connection with l'Igue de Saint Sol, another mysterious cavern twelve hundred yards beyond. And this Titan, who has accomplished all these marvels, welcomed us with the courtesy of a perfect gentleman. With the simplicity of all really strong characters, he did the honors of his subterranean home, told us the history of his progress and of his first experiments, and how he intended to light up and dispose of the windings of his caverns. Last of all, he led us back to the grotto at the entrance, which was soon to be used for the inaugural banquet, and which had recently served as a church while that of the parish was being restored. He took us to his settler's camp where he has lived for two years. Refreshments were brought, and we were shown

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some of the treasures which the earth has yielded up to him, — flint knives, sceptres ornamented with strange designs, jewels belonging to the ladies of prehistoric times; bone needles with delicate points and finely pierced eyes, which they used for sewing skins and leaves, with the sinews of reindeer as thread; and all this, he told us, was at least fourteen thousand years ago. And he added — what is quite evident — that these relics, showing already some amount of refinement, point to a period of transition. Visitors to the grottoes of La Cave will certainly not be disappointed, and very soon it will be much talked of; but we were fortunate to come in time for the garnishing day of such a salon.

Fired with the enthusiasm of pioneers, we wished, on our return journey, to see if the new bridge at Bardilhac, which had been so long in building, was nearly finished. It would be shorter, too, to return that way. We advanced carefully, not feeling very sanguine as to the result. But those who were working there reassured us. Picking our way across piles of timber and tools, and stumbling over blocks of unhewn stones, we approached the other bank, and it was accessible. Hurrah! Le Quercy is waking up a bit. Primitive

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grottoes and feudal castles, nobility, clergy, and peasants, wedded to your old traditions, you must take care, for Progress is at hand. But do not fear; it is benevolently inclined, being so sure of its own future. It bears you no grudge. It will simply bring you curious travellers from beyond the sea, soon perhaps in flying-machines, who will admire you, just as they would do relics in their beautiful shrines.

CHAPTER VII

AU PAYS CASTRAIS

Tramways in the South of France — Charming Scenery and an Ideal Hostess — Strongly Marked Divisions in Religion and Politics — Praise for the Military Spirit — Need for Political Independence.

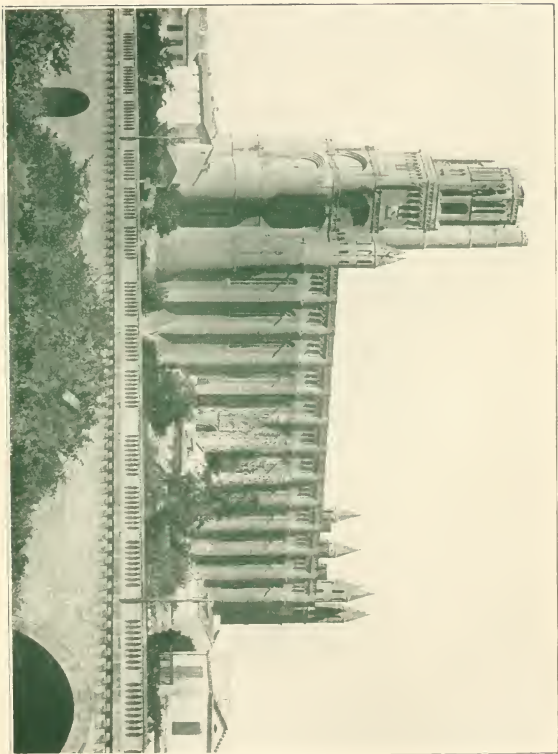
HOW delightful it is in the depths of this tranquil old province! There is a distinctive charm about it of which we Americans know nothing. Our villages, our towns, our capitals, are distinguished from one another by their size alone; and as a rule there is not more than half a century's difference in their ages. None of them have any old associations, except perhaps a few of those in the East or in Old Louisiana.

As regards customs, speech, dress, we are everywhere alike. No one differs from another except in the extent of his wealth and by the external signs of it. Or, rather, we have a mixed population of every color and race, Norwegians and Slavs, Armenians and English, Negroes and Italians, Frenchmen,

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Spaniards, Germans, and a hundred others besides; but this mixture is the same everywhere, or nearly so, for with us all is uniform. It is a world's fair, where every one is at his ease (and I am glad of it), but where no one feels himself more at home than another. Thus you can easily understand how Quercy interested me, and why I am trying to prolong this experience and to penetrate still farther into Old France.

So I have accepted some invitations for the Castres country, — Auvergne and Forez. It is not a bad choice for a first journey. And my friends have mapped out a nice route for me. From Souillac I am to go to Tressac, near Castres, where I shall find Pierre Lourado, who is studying law in Paris and who helped my father in his social studies. After that I shall go into Auvergne by the gorges of the Tarn; and then on to Aurillac, to Montbrison, to Lyons itself, if I have time. On my way to Castres I should have liked to visit Cahors, Rodez, and Albi, which I am told are very interesting. But travelling here is so slow and complicated and so exceedingly primitive that unless one has a motor-car, which I have not, one is obliged to give up all idea of stopping *en route*, or breaking his



THE CATHEDRAL OF ATRI

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journey anywhere. It is said that God forgot Sweden when He separated the waters from the earth; and certainly the centre of France was overlooked in much the same way when railways were made. So I gave up all thoughts of visiting Rodez and Albi, and went to Tressac, by the most direct route possible, which entailed my getting up at four o'clock and not stopping either at Cahors or Montauban in spite of my longing to see them. I was able, by the few trains which correspond, to arrive at Tressac toward the middle of the afternoon.

Neither in the express from Souillac to Montauban nor in the slow train from Montauban to Castres did I make a single remark. First-class passengers do not talk, and generally there is no person travelling on these small branch lines. In France the motor-car is becoming so universal that very soon rich people will not think of taking the train for distances under four or five hundred kilometres. And the splendid roads about here are all in favor of this sport. Many of them date from the ancient kings, and several even from the time of the Romans, who excelled in making these broad highways. In our country, on the contrary, we have had no

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need of such roads, our traffic having increased only since the invention of railways; to go on foot or in a carriage seems to us far too slow. Now they talk of constructing roads for the motors; but it seems hardly worth while, as very soon people will travel by balloons.

But in the neighborhood of Castres these rapid means of transport are yet unknown. Without stopping for lunch in this town, I took a pretty little train or rather the local tramway. Provided you are not in a hurry, it is very agreeable to exchange the closed car for the platform, from which you can contemplate at your ease the charming valley and the river scenery through which you are passing. I had never before so much appreciated the superiority of our cars, in which you can walk about as if in a hotel, while in France you remain seated for hours in a kind of small cupboard with five or six pigeon-holes in it.

This time the travellers begin talking, and even a little noisily, for we are indeed in the South. But what language are they speaking? and what has happened to me, whose knowledge of French is generally considered remarkable? It must be the *Langue d'Oc*, or at least some dialect. My silence is remarked

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by my neighbors. They address me in French with a musical accent which quite disconcerts me.

“*Té*, you are not of these parts?”

“Oh no, I am —”

“Eh, *pardine*, *ça se voit*, you are from the North, you have the accent!”

“From still farther, from the United States.”

“From the United States! But that’s America? You are American, then?”

You ought to have heard this last remark.

“Yes, I am American.”

“Ah, and the harvest, is it good in your country?”

And so we went on chatting gayly, and on arriving at Vabre, which was the end of the line, the alliance was concluded between France and America.

Pierre Lourado was at the station to meet me, and we had a two hours’ drive. I was able to admire the strange perspective of many wild corners of the Sidobre, an immense park of rocks and heath, which is said to resemble Brittany, and where giant stones take the most fantastic shapes, sometimes appearing in the form of a massive torrent and sometimes piled one on another, so nicely balanced that a child’s hand might shake them.

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We stopped half-way to see the chateau of Ferrières, which, less ruined than others by the religious wars and the Revolution, rears proudly aloft its gray walls; its arches, friezes, sculptured foliage, and all its ornamentation in the most perfect taste. And in truth the effect is very striking, — this chef-d'œuvre of the Renaissance in this lonely spot above the wild gorges and the seething torrent of the Agout.

Tressac! What delightful memories this name evokes! In my dreams I behold it still, with its towers and mills, its boisterous river and tranquil valley, its green mountains and delicious freshness, — all that greeted me that summer day!

For scarcely had I penetrated into this fairy-land when I met one of its dwellers, who adopted me at once and gave me a citizen's rights.

“My nephew is very fond of you,” said this charming old lady, “and I am as pleased as he is to welcome you. You are one of the family. I hope you will be happy here, though it cannot be like your own country.”

I involuntarily replied that it was much better. And for the moment I was quite

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sincere. But I must be pardoned; for even in pictures of the Old World stories I had never seen such scenery. Once in my room, I could hardly tear myself away from the enchanting view. The river descends perpendicularly, chattering along over the black rocks, losing itself in the forest to the left; while on the right, without any sign of a quay, it flows between the old habitations, bathing the imposing ruins of a castle of the twelfth century, now used for various municipal offices. Before me, flanked by two ancient towers, is the present residence of the Counts of Tressac; one side of it is close to the little town, whilst on the other its park extends along the banks of the Agout as far as the mountains. Between us and this castle is a bridge built in the Middle Ages, very high and narrow, spanning the pointed arches. In the tenth century of our era the whole formed a well-fortified stronghold. Mention is made of it in the will of a Marquis de Gothie (what a title!), and later, with the other towns in the earldom of Castres, it was a nice present for Simon de Montfort, the conqueror of the Albigenses.

But that which attracts me far more than the picturesque and Old World beauty of the

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landscape is the eyes and the smile of Aunt Louisa.

In spite of her sixty years she has still more freshness and grace than I have ever yet seen in a young girl. It is goodness, poetry, intelligent innocence, a constant habit of living for others, a refinement and delicacy of soul which helps one to guess how the angels look and speak. From the very first meeting I have unconsciously, as it were, grasped this, and time has only made me more and more in love with her. If only she were a little less than three times my age! We would go away together. The good people of Illinois would never have seen a *fiancée* like her, so completely ignorant of all the evil which is happening around her, and so well informed in all that belongs to heaven and her ideal world.

She was quite young when she came to Tressac with her parents and youngest sister. The father, who was born there, chose this place in which to die; and his wife, a Portuguese who had shone in court circles, remained in this place consecrated to his memory, and herself passed gently away after half a century of tranquil existence spent with her two daughters. The younger married, and died

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in giving birth to my friend Pierre. Louisa lived for her mother, devoting herself entirely to her; and when she lost her, remained a whole year without speaking. Then she submitted with resignation to God's will, and took up life's burden again, devoting herself, first of all, to her orphaned nephew, and afterwards to all who were suffering. One thing she could not resume, — that was her former way of expressing herself in song. She used to write charming verses, which she sent to the contests at Toulouse and Montpellier simply to have the joy of bringing the medals, wreaths, and palms to her mother. When this beloved one expired, the inspiration of the sweet child was also quenched. The latest of her pieces, written twenty years ago, which she let me read from an old book yellow with age, expresses her anxiety at the illness which threatened her adored mother, the illness from which she died.

Except a few of her prize verses which have appeared in a modest volume, all Louisa's treasures have remained hidden. Even if this were not justified by certain faults of expression, I should still prefer it so: her muse is too timid, too delicate, to bear the glare of

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the day, and I quite approve of Louisa when she says in her *naïve* way :

Je crains ce qu'en secret je souhaite le plus,
De livrer ma pensée et que mes vers soient lus.

Still, there are some which are worth it; this one, for instance :

Parfois l'âme du chêne habite les brins d'herbes.

She has still other riches, besides these unpublished verses. She showed me, finding that I liked it, a collection of *Pensées* which might vie with the most celebrated, if refinement and sincerity of soul were sufficient; but a vigorous and original style is also necessary. Aunt Louisa has also let me see her album of souvenirs, full of all kinds of flowers; precious autographs and *naïve* sketches, a letter from Lamartine, a signature of Victor Hugo, five lines from Père Didon, cards from unknown friends, simple expressions of admiration or friendship, souvenirs of first communion, and good wishes for the New Year. Just as in mountain sources, all that flows through this pure soul reflects its image.

I fear there are few such natures even in the Old World, although I am told that Eugénie de Guérin was another. In any case I

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may venture to suppose that they would not easily develop in our mixed universities, or even at Smith College. This plant, with its white flower and hidden perfume, grows only on very ancient soil.

Tressac by no means enjoys profound peace. The war of the Albigenes is perhaps quite forgotten, but the conflict which raged there in the sixteenth century between the Papists and the Huguenots has continued more or less until the present day. They have a Catholic doctor and a Protestant one, and the choice of a tradesman depends upon his religious creed. If this were the only cause of quarrel, there might be comparative toleration; but there are also the republicans and the conservatives,—two irreconcilable clans. Religion and politics, added one to the other, produce the greatest amount of hostility and confusion. For instance, a *curé* having arrived with the reputation of being a republican, the best Catholic families closed their doors on him; and if you ask if they are monarchists they will deny it. But why they lay themselves open to the suspicion, and whether it is their opponents who misunderstand them, I am not discerning enough to

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discover ; I only know that their deputy (they are the masters in the election district) has never pronounced against the Republic. How is one to understand this ?

Here, at least, there is a glimmer of logic, since these religious people vote for a candidate of their own faith. But I hear that almost everywhere in the Southwest nearly all the men attend mass on the Sunday on which the election takes place, and then, on going out of church, they vote for the candidate who is an enemy to their religion. How happy we are in America, who do not thus confound celestial and terrestrial affairs ! And, after all, is it not more in keeping with the teaching of Christ ? When I ask this, quite modestly and unassumingly, my answer is that our example proves nothing, and that we are lucky to be a new country. Now, one hundred and fifty years ago in New England and in Georgia we displayed much more intolerance than did the compatriots of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Père Brydaine. But we have made some progress since then, as have also England, Norway, Holland, and Germany ; in fact, every country has advanced a little. And truly, you Frenchmen, my dear friends, your having more wit than others seems hardly

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worth while, considering what little use you make of it.

The more one meditates upon the controversies which take place about public affairs, the less one understands them. They tell me I have only to question people with sound common sense upon the subject. No doubt; and this I have not failed to do. But I can never get two answers to tally with each other. For example, let us enter the castle of Tressac, where we shall have a kind reception. Pierre is the friend of the eldest son, and the Countess adores Aunt Louisa as much as, or even more than, any one else does. Two opinions may be obtained here, and to these we will add two more, those of the Count and his brother. You will then see how members of the most united families agree about politics.

Monsieur de Tressac will not suffer them to be mentioned to him. He says no party is lucky enough to please him, though he shows that he is ready to help everybody. In spite of, or because of, his noble lineage, which dates back for a thousand years, he is entirely devoid of aristocratic pride, and would be quite satisfied with a good republic; but the one now in existence is too wanting in *propreté* (cleanness) for him.

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“Well then, father, let us wash its face,” cried his son, gayly.

And I think there is a ray of light in these words. Among honest people there are some who combat the Republic because they do not find it good enough, whilst others accept and defend it in the hope of making it better.

But there also exist Frenchmen who would like a worse republic. The sentiment is common to two extreme groups, — to the Revolutionists, whose ideal is disorder and confusion; and to the Reactionists, who look upon it as the most fortunate thing that could happen. Lastly, there are a few persons who think the Republic excellent as it is. And I fancy almost that the Countess, who has certainly the most liberal spirit I have met with in the sphere in which she moves, is not far from sharing this sentiment.

She does not seem greatly to disapprove of its recent acts, and has more than once used all the influence that she possesses with the Radical party, to prevent petty quarrels. Her Conservative friends, whom she often succeeds in baffling (taking a certain amount of pleasure in the fact), always have recourse to her for any favor or justice they really need, and the high functionaries or politicians, agreeably surprised



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at her conduct, are always much pleased to gratify her. I should also add that she writes, and I should like to quote from her books, were it not contrary to her wishes; for she has assumed a pseudonym and the public believe she is a man. I would show how the vigor of her style never suffers from the grace and beauty which she imparts to everything. I should regret that my inexperience as a foreigner incapacitates me from fully appreciating the poetic fire of her religious and philosophical discussions; but I should give unqualified praise to the delicacy, tenderness, and charm of her sentimental novels. And probably nothing would be more displeasing to her philosophy and politics; for to be compared to Georges Sand when one's ideal is Madame de Staël or Madame Roland, is anything but flattering!

If there is something of the sphinx about Madame de Tressac, her brother-in-law, on the contrary, goes straight to the point. He is an officer and full of military ardor. According to him, the only remedy for all national unrest is discipline, as that is also the only means of protecting the frontiers; intellectualism is the enemy which is wasting our army and undermining our patriotism. This

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cadet of Gascony is the son of those who have made France on the battle-fields, for he believes it is there that nations are made. To him, then, and to his friends, belongs by right the duty of raising the country to its former place of honor. He is as much a Samurai as those who have just exalted Japan. In fact, he speaks of nothing but Japan, and with enthusiasm and eloquence. Japan, according to him, is the work of the military spirit. Whole centuries of art and literature had left it despised and neglected in the shade to which it had been relegated with all its quaint curiosities. Its officers come on the scene, and in eighteen months they succeed in placing it in the first rank among nations; they force the gates of glory at the butt-ends of their muskets. Our officer, however, is no vain swashbuckler. He professes an unbounded admiration for two of his friends called instructors in a South American army, who have made civilized beings of savage tribes. They have restored internal peace to those who were constantly troubled before their arrival by a lawless soldiery; and when after the years of this new discipline the Indians return to their pampas or mountains, they take with them

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certain habits of moral and physical well-being, a beginning of self-respect, and some notions of hygiene. In this case it is the officer who is the educator. I have no objection, *mon capitaine*, but, according to some conversations which I had at Paris with officers of quite another stamp, these ideas are perhaps not so remote from those of your adversaries as you seem to think. If only people could explain themselves face to face, and if they would but listen to each other a little!

Between so many conflicting opinions (we should have still one more if the young son of fourteen already troubled his innocent head about politics), however, I see one point of contact, and that is just the point on which they all deceive themselves. Be they who they may, officer, Count and Countess, Cæsarean, monarchist, and republican, one and all put their confidence in the intervention of one man; they will be saved by a king, a general, or such and such a candidate for the presidency. This is logical enough as regards the first two systems, but as regards the third it is simply incredible. Our next Congress will elect Mr. X., and then we shall see! What I read by chance the other day in a last year's

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newspaper is that the head of the State was only waiting to return to private life in order quickly to regain at the same time the rights of a simple citizen and the absolute liberty of his opinions and actions.

Until now the Presidents of France have hardly done, or been able to do, more. But even if they were (by the constitution and their own worth, as influential as ours), if they were called Theodore Roosevelt, and their Ministers were not responsible to Parliament, what is this conception of the Republic, of democracy, of humanity as it is? What is this desire of seeing several millions of adult persons confide to one man alone, as to a master, all their future, their happiness, the material and moral progress of the whole nation? This is, I must confess, what puzzles me most, in all I have discovered in the Old World. If we, as a nation, are worth more, — and the habitual modesty of the Americans would lead me to think so, — it is on account of our habit of depending each one on himself. Help yourself; the State will let you do so.

However, even in France there are some persons who begin to think thus; and this is the case, I ought to add, with the eldest son

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of the Count. By all his ideas and tendencies he is much nearer us than his ancestors. If there are many students like him in the University of Paris, the future will bring about great changes. And this reminds me of what my father said before leaving Havre: that in France there are two formations, communitarian and particularist, and it is not yet known certainly which of the two will gain the victory.

CHAPTER VIII

IN A SICK-ROOM

Sickness of Bernard de Pujol — The Abbé explains the Fundamental Ideas of Christianity — Bernard's Mental and Spiritual Improvement — The Liberty that is in the Church of Rome.

AND thus I lingered on in this atmosphere of sweet and ancient memories. I let myself be lulled asleep by the charm of legends and towers, of the black bridge with its pointed arches, and of Aunt Louisa with her childlike soul and her eyes like a guardian angel's. I forgot all about the gorges of the Tarn and the mountains of Auvergne; all my plans seemed to vanish in the dim distance of the ages, and for the first time in my life I was living in the past. But my dreams were brusquely interrupted by a long telegram from Abbé Lagrange, which upset all my projects. Bernard de Pujol, who had been doing his twenty-eight days of military service at Meaux, was suffering from an attack of acute pneumonia, and his life was almost despaired of. He had wished that I

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should be informed. By an arrangement which to me seemed quite natural, but which, it appears, was a great favor, the authorities had not insisted on his removal to the military infirmary, but had left him in the apartment which he had rented in town, near the Public Gardens called Pré-Catelan. His mother and the Abbé never left his bedside. I had to wait two days before being allowed to see him, days of intense anxiety — the fever was never less than forty degrees. His life hung on so frail a thread that the least shock of surprise or emotion might have snapped it. At the end of two days the fever had decreased, but, alas! his strength seemed to fail in proportion, and they took advantage of a lull to tell him I was there. He at once asked to see me.

I entered, my outward calm belying my emotion. "How are you?" were the only words I could utter.

"You see for yourself," answered he, simply.

I had strength enough to repress the tears which dimmed my eyes as I saw his pale emaciated face, so changed I hardly recognized him. He seemed scarcely living, yet his smile was so sweet, his gaze so profound, that it revealed the depths of his soul, like a

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bird extending its wings on the edge of the nest when about to take flight.

He saw my emotion, and that it was impossible for me to utter a word. "Courage, my friend," said he, and, making an effort to be gay, he continued: "You are no longer American, then? But you must not let France spoil you."

I recovered my composure and sat down near him, and the conversation took a natural tone. It lasted only a few moments, but I shall never forget it.

"God is very good. He has pardoned me; He has come, and He remains with me. I received holy communion this morning before extreme unction. I feel that He is there, and that sustains me and fills me with peace. And this is but a foretaste of what it is to be with Him forever, altogether, without any fear of losing Him. . . . My poor mother! If only she could come with me! But she understands and is resigned; she knows that I shall only seem to leave her, that it will not be for long. . . . The Abbé is an angel; it is he who broke it to me and prepared me for it. . . . How kind it was of you to come! I will not forget you. . . . Every one is so good to me, and God above all. I am very happy."

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His mother entered and made me a sign. I understood that I must not tire him. I said farewell, or rather *au revoir*.

“Yes, that is it, *au revoir!* when the bon Dieu wills.”

And he gently closed his eyes, while his face still seemed illuminated.

I went at once to the small room where the Abbé was waiting for me. I fell sobbing into his arms, never having felt such sorrow mingled with such sweetness. It was to me the revelation of a world unknown. Hitherto my soul had experienced nothing like it. For some time the silence was unbroken; much was said, though no words were uttered. After that I questioned him about the verdict of the doctors.

“They give very little hope,” he answered. “When I told Bernard, he at first revolted at the idea; but that did not last. I showed him the crucifix, and he gave his assent. After receiving the sacraments he was full of resignation and joy. And now, as you have seen, one might almost believe he was in heaven. And indeed he is there, for heaven is to be with God.”

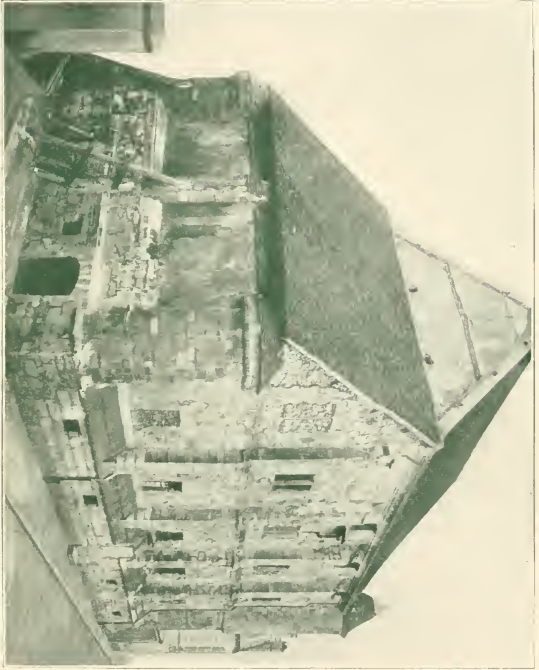
And then slowly and with many pauses, almost as if speaking to himself and reflecting

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as he spoke, he explained the sublime ideas which form the foundation of Christian doctrine, but which I, for my part, had never yet realized: the life of God, with all that He possesses of light, happiness, and love, now become our life even here on earth, although unknown to us and as yet imperfectly, but afterwards in all its fulness and brightness in the life beyond; death considered as the blessed passage from darkness to light, from happiness, here so uncertain and scarcely realized, to a bliss pure and finally unalloyed; so that death is no death, but rather the beginning of fuller life, the separation from all that hinders us from enjoying the one grand and resplendent life. And he said that the soul which leaves this world for the next is like a child passing from the mother's womb to the light of day.

The conversation was prolonged; and I listened eagerly, drinking in each word and feeling, as I grasped their profound and luminous meaning, that many problems were solved, base instincts grew weaker, noble aspirations were strengthened, good desires increased, and God seemed for the first time to take possession of my soul.

“How beautiful your religion is!” I ex-



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claimed all at once, looking at the young priest, who, having ceased speaking, seemed absorbed in thought, with his eyes fixed as if on some invisible goal.

“Yes, it is indeed,” he replied. And after a while he continued with his customary delicacy: “This religion is also yours; for you also believe in the love of God, in salvation by Jesus Christ, and in a future life.”

“Of course I do,” I responded, as this was true.

And yet it did not seem to me that any other priest, however capable he might be of inspiring a soul with resignation, courage, and confidence, would have been able to give me such joy and peace in the face of death as I admired in our dear Bernard.

I should never have wearied of such a conversation, but the Abbé told me that he wanted to see the sick boy again, and, holding out his hand, he begged me to pray for him. This request touched me more than all else.

On leaving the house I turned back and gazed long and reverently at what seemed to me a place full of sacred memories. I went down to the banks of the Marne and sat there with my eyes fixed on the river, on the trees

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growing on its borders, on the old mills on each side of the stream; but I saw nothing of the scenery, and heard nothing of what the passers-by were saying, occupied as I was with vaster horizons and attentive to those words only which I heard in the depths of my soul.

As it was growing late, however, I at length arose. In the clear sky I perceived the cathedral with its lofty tower dominating the town, just as the day's experiences dominated all the rest of my life. I yielded to an impulse, and took the road to the church before returning to my hotel. I climbed the steep stairs leading to the façade, mutilated by time and by vandalism; I pushed open the low door which is fitted into the larger one under the left arch, as if to symbolize the diminished numbers of the Faithful; and I found myself in the forest of white columns in the empty nave where Bossuet used to preach, opposite the wonderful sanctuary where he lies sleeping, a simple stone marking the spot. I passed up along the aisles, before the chapels surrounding the choir, where I met with nothing but tombs. And I, who had just had a glimpse of God's love for his creatures, was frightened to feel how little

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they thought of Him, how small a place until then He had occupied in my own thoughts. I sat down at the end of the apse, in a chapel where a light was burning, and I remained there absorbed in thought until some one came and told me the church was about to be closed. It was almost night when I went out of the cathedral and looked up to the sky ; a little star had just begun shining.

I shall not forget the days that followed. Never before had I lived so full a life. Henceforth I was allowed to see Bernard, whom my presence no longer fatigued, and I shared with his mother and the Abbé the anxious watching. For about a week we feared each moment would be his last ; and it seemed as impossible that he in his weak state could endure the violent attacks of coughing and fever as that a feeble flame should not be extinguished by the tempest. What suffering for us all, especially as we were powerless to alleviate his ! And yet the patient, his mother, and his friend never for an instant lost their calm and filial trust in God. And by degrees I acquired something of their serenity ; I felt myself becoming like them and rising to a higher plane. They

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spoke very little; but in the depths of my heart I continually heard the words that were uttered the first day, and every time they were repeated they seemed to have a deeper significance, to open out wider perspectives.

On the morrow of the day which we had thought to be his last, Bernard fell into a long sleep; and on waking he said to his mother, "I believe that it is God's will that I should live and work."

She looked at him, then threw herself on her knees and for the first time burst into tears. He took a little nourishment and sank again into calm and tranquil slumber. The doctors declared the crisis was past.

In this young and healthy nature convalescence was rapid, and, marvellous to relate, it was not only the body which gained strength, but the soul also developed new resources; and without losing anything of his former charm, the young dilettante was transformed into a man full of energy. His mind no longer lingered among vague and transitory and therefore complex impressions, but applied itself to what is true, real, and solid; his will, which had formerly enjoyed being weak, as if that were an aristocratic privilege, now aspired to action, as to the only mode of existence suited to our

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dignity. I have no right to give here all the conversations, each day a little longer, which were exchanged between him and Abbé Lagrange, but I can say without betraying any confidences that before having heard and seen them I had no idea such an ideal intimacy could exist. Assuredly a priest-friend is more than a priest and more than a friend.

There were no longer any of those discussions in which each one, tenacious of his own opinion, addressed the other only to contradict him and to show how far they were apart. Now they walked, as it were, step by step and hand in hand, discussing what they saw, communicating what they knew, supplying each other's deficiencies, and often seeking together for the answers to the questions they had propounded. In so doing they followed the counsel of St. Augustine: "Let us then seek as those who ought to find, and let us find as those who ought to go on seeking."

I was above all astonished at their good understanding, and tried unobtrusively to have my small share in it. Still I could not help contrasting it with their former attitude, and I once happened to make some allusion to it. "It's thanks to my convalescence I am so well treated," said Bernard, laughing. "When

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I have quite recovered, you will see the Abbé will begin arguing again."

"It is certain," replied his friend, "that we have not changed our opinions; at least I have not."

Bernard continued: "When I see you resume our discussions on the republic, science, faith, and all your other hobbies, and when you begin again to treat me as a reactionary, it will be a good sign; I shall know I may take my first walk and can ask for my cigarettes. In the mean time do explain to this *naïve* boy why we are reconciled."

"There was no need of reconciliation. Our differences of opinion referred chiefly to minor points quite distinct from the foundation of the doctrine, and therefore open to discussion. It is by a real abuse of authority, of which like others I am guilty, that one sometimes attempts to impose one's own views on such questions, and accuses one's opponents of stupidity, heresy, rationalism, and every other sin against faith; whereas in more serious moments we easily perceive how much exaggeration there has been, and we recognize that we are all members of one family."

"Even the royalists?"

"Yes, the royalists too."

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“And also the Jaunes?”¹

“Yes, also the Jaunes.”

“Even the— You know whom I mean?”

“Yes, certainly, even them.”

“Lionel, do go and call mamma, that she may rejoice with us.”

And in fact I went to fetch the good lady, whose views were still more conservative than her son's, and who was so astonished at those expressed by the Abbé that she thought he was simply jesting. Bernard told her of our conversation, and assured her that from henceforth she could work out her salvation without believing in the republic, democracy, Biblical criticism, or syndicates. She answered, pretending to be vexed, that it was not worth while to disturb her for that, and asked the Abbé at what hour he would say his mass next day; she wished to be present to offer her thanks to God. And then she went away, treating us all as big children.

In spite of her affectionate reproaches we resumed the conversation in a more serious tone, and I made the Abbé once more explain to me the liberty which one enjoys as a Catholic, in spite of, or, as he said, under the shelter

¹ The Jaunes, the *Yellows*, are an association of conservative workmen.

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of, its principle of authority. He showed me, or at least tried to do so, that the Roman Church possesses a constitution of which doubtless she is the interpreter and judge, but which she permits to be examined and which guarantees the rights of her followers; limiting, for instance, the domain of infallibility to that which concerns faith and morals; clearly stating the signs by which one recognizes that the real *magisterium* is exercised; here imposing a thorough adhesion, elsewhere claiming submission as a matter of pure discipline only. I do not refuse to believe what a competent man has told me concerning this liberty; but I think to really understand it one must, as he declared besides, have practised it oneself, one must be already in the Catholic Church. It is a well-known fact that in Catholic countries the infidels, on the one hand, declare that religion enslaves a man altogether, and, on the other hand, the believers, those at least who reason, maintain they are free. Being incapable of deciding such a delicate question, I would willingly believe that the faithful are in reality as free as they claim to be, but that the contrary opinion must still have some apparent justification.

“If there were no liberty among us,” said the

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Abbé, “you would not have noticed so much divergence of thought. And remember that as yet you have scarcely seen anything. Bernard’s opinions and mine are almost the same. You would find many reactionists in politics, sociology, literature, education, in everything, far more extreme than he. And I assure you, on the other hand, that on all these points there are many others far more advanced than I am.”

I asked how it was that the same religion, and one so authoritative, could produce different fruits. And this was the answer :

“There is the great mistake ! It is not the Church which tells us what we must think about these various questions. Each of us resolves them with the principles and tendencies of his own training and education. Nothing is so efficacious as religion in reforming our hearts and characters, but one must not therefore make it responsible for everything ; and, far from our natural tendencies being the result of our faith, it is they, on the contrary, which determine its external modality, and our manner of practising and making use of it in our daily life. There may be, there ought to be, and there is in reality, more human resemblance between

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two Americans of different creeds than between an American and a Spaniard of the same faith. And if, for instance, you take two of my most cherished convictions—the republic and democracy—I certainly consider them more conformed in themselves to the spirit of the Gospel than are the opposite views; but it would be an abuse to regard them as necessary consequences, and to declare that other forms of government or society were antichristian, when they have hitherto answered, and in many countries do still answer, the real tendencies and legitimate needs of humanity.”

“Your words are golden, my good Abbé,” interrupted Bernard, “but our friend would understand much better if you showed him precisely how and to what extent French Catholics use and abuse their right to contradict each other.”

The Abbé declared that this would entail a too lengthy explanation. But I urged him to let me hear a part at least, and he consented.

“As regards the political side, I need not dwell upon it. You have seen for yourself that we have even in the ranks of the Catholics both monarchists and republicans,—monarchists of the king, and a smaller number

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monarchists of the emperor ; again, there are moderate republicans, progressists, nationalists, revisionists, and constitutionals ; there are republicans who are so simply by submission or by reason (and they are too numerous still), and republicans by preference. Socially we have as many or more conservatives than one likes ; democrats of every shade, and Heaven knows of what shades, because this name is adopted by the *Sillon* and by the leaders of the *Action libérale populaire*. I have mentioned the *Sillon*, which represents the most advanced group of our young men ; and there exists another estimable group, which is called the *Association de la jeunesse Catholique* and whose ideals are quite different. One also meets with young Catholics in the ranks of the *Action française*, a group quite *ancien régime*, and which besides sets the excellent example of not relying too implicitly on theology. You have heard of the Yellow Syndicates ? Read the Catholic Press ; you will find papers and reviews which admire them as the only method of escaping from the tyranny of the Reds and of detaching workmen from the baneful influence of politics ; you will find other organs which see nothing but a retrograde tendency in this movement, explicable by the excesses of

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revolutionary leaders, but at most good only in retarding the education of the working classes by withdrawing, as it were, from circulation, and setting apart, for an action doomed to be unsuccessful, the most moderate elements of the world of labor. It is this method which has been so deplorable in politics.”

“So that,” interrupted Bernard, smiling, “is what you call an impartial and purely objective account.”

“Well, I certainly meant it for such, and believed sincerely that I had succeeded,” answered the Abbé. “I also wished to speak of the differences, and consequently of our liberties, in the domain of intellect. But you discourage me.”

“Must we beg of you to continue?”

“Well, then, be it so. And since you find that the balance always inclines toward the second opinion quoted, I will reserve this favored place for the conservatives. Let us begin with the Bible.”

“No, please, let us leave that subject aside. Don’t you remember our unpleasant conversation at Bellevue?”

“Still, I can’t take music for my theme, although there would be something to say. Even among friends one disputes about the

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Gregorian chant. Still, you know, I won't hinder you from finding a better subject."

"Very well, let us speak of the history of the Church. Even there is not one allowed to have any fixed ideas?"

"About that which is proved, yes; as regards the rest, no; you see what has just happened apropos of the house of Loretto.¹ There are people whose ideas are as fixed as clocks."

"You are only jesting!"

"Well, I'll be serious. In the study of history one must distinguish between two sorts of minds,—those who follow the development of religious institutions in the facts and texts, and those who discover it from their own reasoning. We have those who date the foundation of the dioceses in France according to original documents; and we have those, again, who determine the problem by principles of patriotism."

"And of tradition! But go on; at heart I think as you do."

"Traditions are valuable according to their origin, when that is known; and one has the right to examine those which were formed in

¹ An allusion to the volume by Canon Ulysse Chevallier, published by Picard: "Our Lady of Loretto," an historical study on the authenticity of the *Santa-Casa*.

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the eighth century to explain the history of the second. As to the rest, I am simply referring, for the moment, to the difference in our attitudes. Take the faults or errors of which churchmen are accused: there again we find the two schools, — those Catholics who are anxious to know and state them exactly as they happened, and others more eager to defend what they believe to be the honor of their cause; the first trusting to the truth and choosing rather to see our weaknesses recognized, disowned, explained by us, than discovered and taken advantage of and used against us by others. As to the second, I try to find the favorable side of their position, but I hardly know what it is, unless that they desire above all to foster the sentiment of respect. That must be it, and you cannot say I am partial. We have the school of truth and the school of respect.”

“How long have you sat on the benches of the second?”

And the conversation ended with this jest, at which the Abbé also smiled. A few days later the patient was able to lie outdoors in the sunny garden, and arrangements were begun for taking him to the country house in Savoy. I then returned to Paris.

CHAPTER IX

IN HAUTE AUVERGNE

Arrival among the Mountains of Auvergne — Primitive Methods in the Industries — Distrust of the Peasants toward the Aristocracy — Government Interference with the Ballot — In the Castle of the Duc de Roccamauve — A Lecture on Church and State — Criticism of the French Separation Law.

I ASK pardon of my readers, if I ever have any, for these rather personal confidences. My excuse is that they were written solely for myself at first; and after all, I have said nothing which did not actually occur. But let us hasten to resume our exploration of the Old World; for Bernard being convalescent, there was nothing to hinder my departure, and I did not long remain in the capital. It is difficult to picture to oneself the emptiness of Paris at the end of the month of August. Of the many acquaintances I had made two months earlier, I should certainly not have met even two.

I must set out again, but where? Manfully, and in spite of the bewitching descriptions given of it, I renounced the gorges of

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the Tarn. This sacrifice, after all, implied nothing but missing the sight of some landscapes, since I had no introduction to the inhabitants of this lovely nook in France; besides, one of my little foibles, in spite of the charms with which nature allures me, is to prefer the study of human deeds and facts to everything else. On the other hand, the time I thus gained enabled me to continue my round of visits without any alteration in the dates fixed by my hosts; and I simply had to enter Auvergne from the north instead of from the south.

This time I went into a second-class carriage, small, new, spick and span, an elegant little toy, in which one could be really comfortable. Travellers in this class speak more readily than those in the first, and are better dressed though less interesting than those in the third. The ordinary trains are thus made to accommodate three different classes, and the waiting-rooms at the stations are arranged in like manner. However, in Paris, in the Metropolitan, the trams, and the omnibuses, there are only two classes. How strange is French democracy! But stranger still it is that these distinctions in travelling — as I hear from good authority — correspond to the actual

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conditions of ordinary life. "To occupy a place on such and such a step of the social ladder" is a phrase current in this country, and it means that, whatever the number of the rounds, whatever the rank one occupies, one has always (if I may venture the expression) the foot of a superior upon his head and the head of an inferior beneath his foot. As the Viscount d'Avenel wrote, "All the French are equal before the law; but they are equal only before the law."¹ And yet, is not that saying too much?

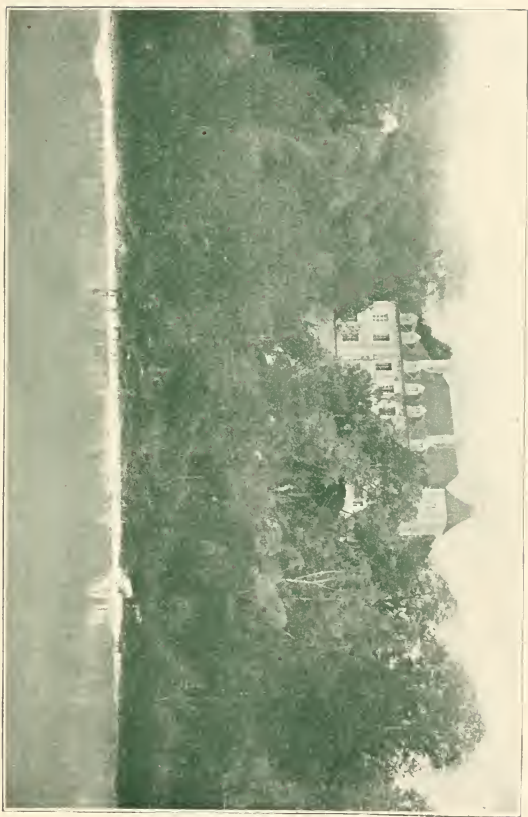
The great topic of conversation is the length of the journey; as I am going six hundred kilometres, mine is considered enormously long, and my fellow passengers gradually alight, one after another, leaving me at last alone. I am quite free to enjoy my first view of the scenery of Auvergne, and catch a glimpse, through picturesque gorges, of a graceful torrent, already bearing the name of the Dordogne, — that name which Nalzac has made so dear to me. Unfortunately the shades of night and the rain are both beginning to fall. Soon I can do nothing but listen at the stations to a certain number of names in *ac*, or inhale, if by chance I descend

¹ "Les Français d'aujourd'hui."

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from the train, the pungent odor of the cheeses of the Cantal. I cannot distinguish Champagne, Lagnac, or Jaleyrac-Sourniac; I pass indifferently by Mauriac, Drugeac, Drignac, Loupiac, Ytrac, and even Aurillac. But the weather clears up a bit, just to let me see the imposing castle of Polminhac by the light of the moon. Lastly, at fifty-three minutes past eight, with a punctuality which the American companies would do well to imitate, the train reaches Riézac. Stéphane de Pontenay and his father are awaiting me, and before I can see if there is a station or a village there, behold me ascending a steep mountain in a carriage between two friends.

It was not till the next day that I knew where I was; and I had a joyous awakening. The sun, which had risen hours before, had not yet penetrated each nook and corner of the rocky ground, though it already bathed in floods of glorious light mountains, hills, clumps of trees, and luxuriantly green meadows, that stretched forth like an endless park, far as the eye could see. It was the valley of the Cère I had before me, the most beautiful of those valleys which descend in graceful fan-shaped curves from the Plomb du Cantal and its spurs, receiving from its various



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slopes a host of brawling streams, which flow through rough untrodden ways, to the more tranquil beds of the Allier, the Lot, and the Dordogne.

How is it that this beautiful country has given birth to so few artists? and why do its inhabitants possess nothing but practical common sense? They tell me, the soul of the Auvergnat scarcely knows what ideality, poetry, and enthusiasm mean, except indeed the kind which is an outcome of his religious faith. But perhaps jealousy is at the root of this description, and he may be a hundred times better than his reputation. At any rate, at the present moment, the soul of many a native of Auvergne is finding expression in the paintings and sculpture of Laparra, the artistic creations of Champeil, the poems of Vermenouze, the novels of Armand Delmas, and the descriptions of Ajalbert.

But even if the people of Auvergne did merit part of this reproach, one ought to attribute their prosaic character to the climate of their mountains, so gloomy and dreary for three quarters of the year. What must the Autumn, the Winter, and even the Spring be, judging from this end of Summer! One cannot count on two days of sunshine; and when

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there is none, the mountain is an embodiment of melancholy. Wind, rain, clouds, fogs, nothing is lacking to complete the picture; and one is happy indeed if Jack Frost does not come and make himself at home just as if it were Midwinter.

One morning, for a wonder, the sky was cloudlessly blue, and Stéphane and I, quite charmed, set out for the Plomb du Cantal. From this summit one has a most beautiful view of the midlands of France; a panorama extending over two hundred and fifty kilometres, bounded on the north by the mountains of the Puy de Dôme, and embracing, from the east to the south, no less than the Cévennes, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. We set out and even got as far. But, sad phenomenon! the higher we rose the more did the horizon shrink, till finally we entered the region of fog; and at last, when we reached the summit, all that we saw through a break in the clouds was a few nooks in the valleys, and over our heads the silhouette of an almost invisible sun pale as the moon.

The inhabitants of Auvergne interest me more than their climate. If I were not beginning to be a little used to the manners and

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customs of the Old World, I should have cause for astonishment here. The country is prosperous because it cannot be otherwise, producing, as it does, luxuriant pastures, where milk flows like water, and cattle breed, graze, and rear themselves, so that the peasant has little to do but to sell them. In this transaction, however, he employs all the chicanery and skill possible in the sale of commodities not rated at a fixed price; thus he develops that rare talent for petty trade which characterizes him in every country to which he emigrates "pour tirer des sous,"—to scrape a little money. Most of the hard agricultural labor is done by the long snows of Winter and the fertile ashes of extinct volcanoes. The cows accomplish the rest. One can reckon on three or four hundredweight of cheese annually from each cow. This produce, the principal source of their riches, is obtained in the *burons* (mountain huts) by superannuated proceedings which recall those of righteous Abel, and which are only just beginning to be replaced by inventions in general use elsewhere. The cheeses are exported very easily and in enormous quantities, but the wholesale dealers themselves are not allowed to sell them to others except through the agency of the

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neighboring town, and, *ma foi*, it does right in previously deducting heavy dues.

It is almost excusable that their agriculture has remained primitive, since the richness of the soil itself makes it successful. But their industry also is stationary, or rather, as it cannot dispense with man, it scarcely exists at all. It surprises me beyond measure to see what little use they make of those mighty forces of nature, those rapid watercourses. Here and there one finds some electrical factory for lighting a railway-station or, very exceptionally, a town; and when I think of what could be done at home with all that *houille blanche* (white coal), I wonder whether I am among men of the twentieth century or with the Arverni in the time of Julius Cæsar.

It is ungrateful of me to speak thus of Auvergne; worse still, it is unjust. The reader, the hypothetical reader, must take into account the fact that I am making these notes on a cold, rainy, windy day. Instead of showing how retrograde it is, I could just as well have described this ancient province as the living picture of a grand old past, whose time-honored customs still exist. I could have admired the energy and initiative of its sons who emigrate in early youth without so much

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as shedding a tear. I could have told of that spirit of tradition which still causes them to maintain, on the inviolable family estate, the household of the heir apparent, with his uncles and aunts who have remained single by choice or compulsion, for the good of the community ; and I should, as it behoves me, have forsworn my foreign, independent, unsociable presumption before this refuge of an ancient race. Yet all this was perhaps only a question of a sunbeam and an artist's pencil.

Though the bad weather prevented me from exploring the country as much as I wished, I am far, very far, from regretting my sojourn in Auvergne. My friend's family are truly charming ; and nowhere else except in America have I met such simple and cordial manners. We are not in a veritable castle ; its style has nothing seignorial about it, still it is by no means the homely residence of a bourgeois settled in the country. The Pontenays, living there for two hundred years, have, little by little, aggrandized their position by the dignity of their life and the importance of the services they have rendered. Their name, although very honorable, has not the prestige of the Niramons', whose ancestors

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governed the province, and who live close by, in the ancient and imposing castle of Resteils, which has lately been restored with great taste. This castle no longer excites the same distrust as of yore, — distrust, after all, absurd and unjustifiable. The Niramons of the present day seek only to do good to those around them, and exhibit no political ambition whatever. The Niramons of the past left no record of any violent deeds behind them, and in the main the aristocracy of Auvergne, protected by the affection of their subjects (the peasants), suffered very little from the Revolution. However, the old prejudice still exists, and seems to increase rather than diminish with the lapse of time; nobility, monarchy, *lettres de cachet*, *billets de confession*, castles, dungeons, and tithes, — all these things conjure up in the infantile imagination of the masses a phantom whose mere name, evoking envy, hatred, and malice, is quite sufficient to incite them to vote for the most absurd measures. There are good reasons for considering that the ancient regime will never be restored, and that no monarchy, of however short duration, will ever again prevail in France; but the impartial observer will be sufficiently enlightened on this subject when he sees what

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ignorance, credulity, and ridiculous terrors are connected with their names.

I do not know, however, if the descendants of the old nobility and the representatives of the Church have always carefully shunned everything which might nourish these ideas. If neither of them dream of reëstablishing the abuses, real or imaginary, of an abolished past, is it quite certain that they have not appeared to do so more than once? And if they have ungrudgingly rejected what was most grievous formerly, have they not unreasonably felt and manifested too much regret, too much tenderness for institutions which, though good in themselves, perhaps do harm by exciting the antipathy of contemporaries?

In any case my friends the Pontenays have not fallen into this error. Without losing anything of their distinction, which certainly would not be the right way to please the people, they have known how to show a constant and affectionate interest in the welfare of those around them. They have not offended them by patronizing them or treating them as inferiors; they have given their advice and help whenever these were asked for, whenever the occasion demanded, but in such a manner that it appeared the most natural thing possible.

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I have met other families in France quite as benevolent and charitable, but who did not know the best way of being so. I am thinking now of a charming young couple who, without possessing the least taste for a country life, yet adopted it in order to do some good to the peasants on their estate. Scarcely were they settled down in their chateau when these good young people showed that they were at every one's service, visiting each house, aiding the poor, supplying remedies to the sick, treating the old people with respect, giving caresses and sweets to the children, and presents and good advice to the parents. At the end of six months they were disliked by the whole of the countryside. Why, it was asked, did they meddle in other people's affairs? What right had they to do so? What right? They only considered it their duty; but this same duty they had fulfilled in the ancient manner, like the *grand seigneur* of the past, not knowing that to-day what men care most about is their personal dignity and independence. The peasant to whom they took biscuits and quinine came near asking them what they wanted in his house, and if he concerned himself with their illnesses. What they might have done was simply to

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show a neighborly interest, to speak if they happened to meet; and it would have been better even to ask for a service before offering one.

Again, I know another family who have lived for twenty years in a wretched district of Touraine. The first four years they were hated; the next four, just tolerated; the other four they were considered to be like the rest of the inhabitants; after that they began to be respected; and now they are loved by all, while every one turns to them for advice on all matters relating to labor, health, to all that concerns the daily routine of life. They never refuse counsel or aid, but they are careful not to be the first to propose it; and — which is a significant detail — when one sends them any compensation for a service rendered, they accept it as quite natural. This effectually does away with any idea of patronage, and permits of a sincere attachment.

When one has thus gained the people's affection, everything follows as a matter of course. Thus at the Pontenays' a custom exists which I have never met with elsewhere, nor do I believe it would be practicable in any other chateau in France. Every Sunday five or six of the peasants are invited in turn to the midday

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repast, and this is esteemed a great honor, whereas it might so easily have been a source of humiliation or mortification to the humble friends. I was a witness to this little reunion twice during my visit, and much admired the ease of the guests. Many of them kept their immense broad-brimmed hats on, and Pontenay also remained covered. As to the conversation, it was quite on a level with that usually heard in polite society, and interested me very much. After the meal was over, I left my friend to converse with them, and he spent the whole afternoon walking with them in the fields. His son accompanied him, and like his father he is immensely popular and already much beloved in all the district.

In general the French people who thus fulfil their social duties have nothing to do with politics. That was the case, for instance, with the family in Touraine that I have just spoken of, and also, as may be remembered, with my friend De Nalzac.

The cause may be found in the invincible distrust manifested by the people with respect to those who are here called the higher classes, and in whom they cannot help seeing a danger for the Republic the moment the former seem

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in any way to occupy themselves with the affairs of the country. By dint of devotion and of *savoir-faire*, Pontenay has succeeded in overcoming these prejudices. For many years he has been *Conseiller Général* of his district, and although in all the department there is only one other holding the same opinion as himself, he has until now succeeded in getting one of his relatives elected as Senator, a liberal candidate and one of the most eminent men in France. But everyone told me that if anything were to happen to Pontenay, the Extreme Left party would everywhere triumph, even in the college which he represents. His task was all the more difficult because his father had opposed the republican regime; but when he himself declared that he accepted it and moreover made his deeds agree with his words, he was too well known not to be believed and too much beloved not to be followed.

If in each Department France had had five or six men like him, as friendly to order and as democratic, as religious and yet as free from clericalism, she would have avoided many errors and annoyances: she would to-day have been enjoying the most tolerant, the wisest, the most progressive republic that the world has seen; and we, a model people, should have

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been jealous of her perfection. One would not then have seen excellent citizens excluded from public affairs, as much by their own fault as by that of the people. For it is quite useless to wish for the good if one does not know how to realize it; there is no use in defending right ideas if you cannot make people listen to you. Pontenay knows personally every inhabitant in his district; he spends at least three quarters of his life with them; he is always ready to hear their complaints, to settle their affairs, to consult with them on all matters concerning law, commerce, domestic economy, and agriculture; he has sympathized in their joys and sorrows, as he has associated them with his own; and this has created bonds between him and them which no political manœuvres nor even the influence of the Government itself would ever have the power to break.

For the Government, incredible as it may appear, will have nothing to do with such good men as M. Pontenay. Indifferent to their honesty, competency, and disinterestedness; habituated, as it has too long been, to recruit its most zealous partisans in ranks hostile to Christianity and to every kind of tradition, it makes these men of good will bear the burden of faults they have never committed; and the

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very day on which they represent the majority of their group, a day just beginning to dawn, they will still be feared and suspected, or, at least, that will be pretended. The politicians of the Left, who are to-day masters of the country, have too much interest in letting it be believed that besides themselves there are not, and never will be, any sincere republicans; and fortunately for them, there are just enough monarchists left to furnish them with this pretext.

But that which does not accord with our ideas of fair play is the way in which they make use of public authority to ensure the success of their candidates. I do not hold up America as a model of electoral probity; and it is not among us any more than in France that one could have seen, as lately in England, two great parties disputing as to which would gain the most votes at the ballot. But the votes here are not at all free, and what I have learnt this year (the members of the *Chambre* have just been reëlected) exceeds all belief.

All the functionaries of the Government are naturally obliged to vote for the official candidate, and with them whoever is in any way related to them. Now, this means an enormous number, for from the highest dignitaries

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down to a simple road-mender, there are not three out of every four Frenchmen, who are not depending, either personally or through their families, on the Government. And it is not only a question of moral pressure. Pontenay told me that the Government agent often gave an elector a ballot paper of his adversary, and took him by the arm as far as the poll to see that he did not change at the last moment. Another candidate living near the frontier assured me, on his honor, that the agents opened the ballot papers of custom-house officers before putting them in the urn, and that those who had been imprudent enough to vote for him ran a great risk of dismissal. Thus they dare to violate the secret of the suffrage, and woe be to him who does not vote as they wish! For him there is no favor, and that is saying much; for him there is no more share in anything which requires permission from the Government, — such as to grow tobacco, to have the care of a child from a hospital, to retail vegetables or fruit from a truck in the street. Of two evils I prefer our fashion of treating the civil rights of negroes: parcelling out a district for fifty thousand of them as against two colleges for ten thousand white men, complicating the formalities, so

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that three-quarters of them know nothing about it; and on the eve of voting getting a circus full of attractions to come, in which their cards as electors are received instead of tickets of admission. At least, those of them who do manage to vote do it in their own manner.

I should also feel very indignant at the still graver abuse of falsifying even the figures of the ballot and of declaring the official candidate elected if his opponent had not won by a large majority; but that which takes place in our elections in America, especially in the municipal ones, obliges me to be somewhat indulgent to what is done elsewhere. With us, also, ardent electors manage to multiply their votes; while others now dead are made to anticipate their resurrection. But what appears to me as distinctive of France alone is that, on account of Government pressure, the rival candidate cannot be elected unless he has on an average two-thirds of the electors on his side. Of the fourteen hundred inhabitants in his district, Pontenay in a free suffrage would have one thousand votes; he has in fact eight hundred; while a candidate holding the same opinion, but who was not beloved as he is, would not have more than

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six hundred. From temperament, interest, sometimes through fear, the French, especially those in the provinces, vote for the friends of the Government. And this country is supposed to guard its independence jealously!

Among my souvenirs of Auvergne there is one which is utterly different from the tranquil family life and simple hospitality of Riézac.

The Duc de Roccamauve, a cousin of the Pontenays, having invited them "with some neighbors" to dinner, was good enough to include myself in the invitation, as being the son of a friend of Archbishop Ireland, the American who has perhaps the greatest number of personal friends in France.

After a long and delightful drive through a fertile country with splendid mountain views, we arrived at the park of Blavières. At first we perceived in the distance only the outline of the chateau with its glittering forest of gables and turrets; it disappeared and again reappeared in the windings of the long avenues, until we at length reached the grand flight of steps at the top of which the Duke was waiting to receive his guests. He conducted us through an immense hall and a succession of salons that we might pay our respects to the ladies of the

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house, and in passing introduced us to fifteen or twenty persons, at the same time welcoming others. The Pontenays, who belong to this part of the country, present me to those of their friends who they think may interest me. Among them I hear many names I have seen on the map ; it seems curious to be called after a village. Others there are which remind me of my historical studies. I do not feel at home, and fear I must look rather awkward and embarrassed. Perhaps this feeling is evident, for I am drawn into conversation with a professor from the Collège de France, known as the author of different works on sociology and for his sympathy with America. I keep with him, and, still chatting as we go along, he shows me over the castle.

Familiar as he is with our country, he knows what ought to strike me most. So he begins by telling me that Blavières can date back to the Gallic-Roman epoch, and that in any case we find mention of it in the history of the ninth century, and of its first seigneur, St. Géraud, Count of Aurillac, and Founder of the Abbey, of which traces still remain in the town. Held in fief from the abbots by the family D'Albars, the noble mansion has descended in succession through twelve allied families,

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without any break, from the ninth to the twentieth century. Having been destroyed in the wars of the sixteenth century, it was restored during the seventeenth, and it has of late been completed and enlarged, while a very beautiful chapel which enjoys all the privileges of a basilica has been added to it. My guide, having shown me the stained-glass windows commemorating the saints of the family, pointed out this inscription, which appeared to me strange: "The faithful who visit this chapel gain the same Indulgences as if they visited the basilica of the Lateran, in Rome, the mother and mistress of all the churches and of the world." Another inscription which interested me more is that one sees under one of the paintings in the dining-room, representing chiefly the feudal and religious wars: "The Marquis de Brezon, Lieutenant-General of Henry III, going to preside over the massacre of Protestants." What delightful *sang-froid!*

Everywhere there are pictures, not all of the same value, but all depicting events which have taken place at Blavières ever since its origin. The frescoes of the great staircase are a record of battles, sieges, the conveyance of relics, and the *fêtes* of troubadours. The Gothic Gallery contains the ancestral portraits, beginning with

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the bishops of the tenth century, and continuing with the knights who accompanied Joan of Arc, down to their relations of the nineteenth century.

The wood-carvings in the salons reproduce the heroes of more recent *fêtes*, the reception of nuncios, archbishops, and princes. For a Bonaparte and an Orléans were at the same time guests of Blavières; two rooms embellished with their portraits and flattering inscriptions commemorate this visit. It is said that the nobility of Auvergne paid more assiduous court to the Bonaparte than to the descendant of the kings. For the rest I believe that both princes were, without admitting it, good republicans. The Duke himself allows every shade of opinion, so long as it is intelligently represented, and thus a clever man will always gain admittance. In fact the receptions here resemble somewhat the Gothic Hall, in which souvenirs of Louis XVI, bequeathed by the grandson of Cléry, are seen close to the stockings worn by Napoleon at his coronation; the capital of a pillar from the palace of the Alhambra, with the throne of Leo X; the watch of Pius VII, which marked the hour of the Concordat, with the eagle of a flag which was unearthed at Waterloo.

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But it is time to go down to the salon, as it is the luncheon hour. There are ninety-five guests, a goodly number. In our dining-room (for two were necessary) an archbishop presides; in the other there are two bishops. According to the strange custom of this country they wear, when at table, their violet robes and a chain with a gold cross, just as if they were in church. I also see some priests in their cassocks and some Roman prelates whose rank I can't quite understand; from their black and violet costume and also perhaps by their functions, of which I am ignorant, I imagine they must be something between bishops and priests. My curiosity is piqued by the presence of so many ecclesiastics, and presently I leave all the other guests to listen to them; it will be something interesting to tell the Abbé Lagrange, as we correspond now.

After lunch, then, I am introduced to one of the bishops and ask him what he thinks of the consequences of the separation of Church and State. His Lordship appears somewhat taken aback at first by my temerity, but takes it all in good part, when he hears I am American.

The professor from the Collège de France, seeing me in such good company, approached

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us with the two or three persons who were with him, and asked what was the subject of our conversation.

“We were going,” said the Bishop, “to speak once again of the Separation. But you, my dear Professor, should discuss this grave problem, as every one knows what success you have had this year with your lectures on the subject.”

The Professor protested that he was quite ignorant of theology, and had treated the question simply from the standpoint of facts.

“So much the better,” replied the Bishop; “show us, then, what you have deduced from those facts.”

And this was the beginning of a very instructive lecture. I noted down what I remembered of it the same evening, and I think that in spite of its length it is worth reproducing.

According to Professor N., observation shows that in all that refers to the relations between government and religion, the whole world is progressing more or less from a state of things in which the civil and the spiritual power were united in one and the same person, to a state of things in which these two powers are

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completely separate. Every country is not at the same point in its evolution, some having arrived at complete separation, while others have scarcely freed themselves from the bonds of theocracy ; but the whole world, whether it be for good or evil, is moving in the direction of separation.

Indeed, from the point of view of the relations between the spiritual and the temporal power, one might distinguish to-day nations under a theocratic government in which the two powers are still united ; nations which are midway between the State religion and separation ; and lastly, others which have passed from a State religion to separation, or which have even never known any but the latter regime ; and, what is a striking fact, this order follows closely, in spite of a few exceptions and shades of difference, the order of progress and civilization itself, the most backward nations being generally those in which the spiritual and the temporal powers are most closely allied ; while, on the contrary, the most advanced nations are those in which the spiritual and the temporal are the most independent and most free in their mutual relations. As an instance of this we might compare Morocco to Australia.

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The confusion between the two powers seems to have been frequent in the past, and not only frequent but almost universal before the introduction of Christianity ; the Emperors of Rome were at the same time her supreme pontiffs, when they did not claim divine honors. But let us leave the dead past. There exists in the world to-day a kind of living past, there are nations backward enough to be still under the reign of theocracy.

The head of religion is also the head of the State in Thibet, and this fact has much to do with the unenlightened character of this singular people. The head of the State is also the head of religion in Moslem countries, in Turkey and Persia, as also in Bokhara and Afghanistan, and the same thing is true of Soudan and Morocco. The Emperor of China, "the Son of Heaven," has preserved his sacred character in the eyes of his people ; but it cannot be said that he is at the head of either the Buddhist religion or the traditions of Confucius and Lao-tsze. In the Empire of the Rising Sun it is true that liberty of conscience, inscribed in the Constitution, is loyally practised ; but nevertheless, in the eyes of his people, the Mikado remains the representative of divinity and the real

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protector of Buddhism as well as of Shintoism. One may even see the remains of a theocracy in the fact that the Balkan States, Greece, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, still confound religion with nationality. And lastly, we must not forget to include Russia in this nomenclature, since the Czar, in himself or in the person of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, still exercises a preponderant influence in religious matters. However, we know what are the results of this regime; but we do not know how many years, months, or days it may last.

Such, then, are the nations which have kept the theocratic type. They are not precisely those which have till now been the foremost in the progress of the world. Again, it must be observed that even among these we do not see theocracy in its purest form, but as a feeble organization which is in a state of disaggregation. In fact, the greater part of these nations have seen a certain religious liberty imposed upon them by peoples more advanced than themselves, at least as regards the foreigner and the subjects of the foreigner. It is the humiliation of the Protectorate.

At this juncture the Bishop, whose countenance expressed extraordinary interest, inter-

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rupted the speaker for a moment to say that if France continued to pursue her course in this kind of theocracy *à rebours* and in the rampant anti-religion in which she had indulged of late years, she would see repeated and multiplied certain recent affronts which had passed almost unperceived: such as the English, Austrian, and German religions having themselves protected, even in Paris, by their ambassadors, and to complete the irony of the situation an Oriental church invoking at Marseilles the protection of Abdul-Hamid.

The Professor, having entirely agreed with the Bishop's remark, continued his demonstrations to the following effect:

The State anti-religion which some wished to implant in France has never existed anywhere since the beginning of the world. But that which has existed, and which still exists, is a State religion. It was the prevailing regime in every nation except where there were theocracies, not more than about a century ago. The fact of its gradual disappearance, one may say, from year to year, perhaps constitutes the chief phenomenon in the evolution we are discussing. The principal countries which have a national church are Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England,

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Scotland, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, and Hungary.

The phrase "State religion" does not in any of these countries imply, as it did formerly, a religion imposed by the State on all its citizens, sometimes under pain of death, sometimes under pain of exile and confiscation, oftenest under pain of losing either wholly or in part their civil or political rights.

A State religion — and the importance of this change may easily be perceived — a State religion is to-day merely a religion subsidized by the Government, and more or less controlled by it in its practice; and this does not prevent dissidents enjoying almost everywhere the same rights as the members of the national church.

The three Scandinavian countries seem to be those which preserve the purest type of the ancient religion of the State. Three centuries of persecution and of Draconian laws have caused all trace of Catholicism to disappear, and, thanks to this violence, Lutheranism became, and still is, the sole religion. In the middle of the nineteenth century a more tolerant spirit was introduced; and to-day, if not perfect in theory, it is at least so in practice, so that no one has any cause to complain.

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The Catholics especially, and they are now numbered by thousands (about two thousand in Norway, as many in Sweden, and four thousand to five thousand in Denmark) congratulate themselves on the great liberty which is allowed them, which in many respects is such as to inspire our envy. Lutheranism, however, is the State religion: its pastors and bishops are nominated and paid by the Government; and be it said without offending them, for they lead very worthy lives, by their position and by more than one of their offices they are brought very near the other civil functionaries.

With the Scandinavian regime one might compare that which is still in force in England, and also that in Scotland. But it must be remarked that these two national churches are at the same time more bound to the chief of the State in theory and more independent in practice. It must also be noticed that Dissenters and Catholics are more free there and infinitely more numerous than in Scandinavia; and lastly, it must be noted that the idea of separation or disestablishment has made rapid progress. Thirty years ago the British Parliament disestablished the Church in Ireland, where the Anglicans, in spite of their minority, usurped all the privileges of a State Church;

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and it has been proposed to do the same for Wales, where the Dissenters are in a considerable majority. It is the general opinion that in thirty years' time without any violence, injustice, or spoliation, the Episcopal Church of England and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland will find themselves, in their turn, disestablished and separated from the State. In Spain and Portugal, the classic countries of State Catholicism, the Roman Church is still connected with the Government by Concordats analogous to but more benevolent than that which has been broken by us. A universal evolution in those countries may be recognized by the fact that no one may any more be persecuted there for his religious opinions (and this is an appreciable change since the Inquisition); but only Catholicism bears the title of the State religion; it alone has the right to any external manifestations of worship. This is, however, a rather fragile state of affairs, and the separation in these two countries may perhaps be effected sooner than we think.

In the Empire of Austria, formerly so intimately bound to Spain, Catholicism has also kept a privileged place, regulated by a Concordat; but although it numbers ninety per cent of the total population, it is not the only one

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recognized nor even the only one subsidized by the State; it is the same thing with the Protestants, the Jews, the Greek churches, the Old Catholics, the Christian Brothers, and lastly the Moravians. This system of equality, which does not however imply the indifference of the Government, is all the more remarkable in Austria that that country has known in a still recent past the two contrary systems, — that of the Church having too much power over the State, and the State dominating the Church (as was the case from the time of Joseph II until the middle of the nineteenth century). The situation in Hungary is not essentially different, although the system of union between Church and State is rather less close.

In Prussia and in other parts of Germany the relations between Church and State are rather close, especially for Protestants; the fact that the stipends of the clergy are regulated and paid by the State gives one an idea of the union; one may remark the first signs of separation if one considers that in each country there are many churches recognized and subsidized, that the Protestants have reconquered the free administration of their property, and that with the Catholics the election of bishops generally belongs to the cathedral chapters. In Bavaria,

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a country under a Concordat, the Government nominates to the vacant sees.

The system of recognizing and giving salaries to the principal religions, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, without ever interfering in their church life or in the nomination of their dignitaries, is that which approaches most nearly of all to separation. It is practised in perfection in Belgium, Holland, and some parts of Switzerland. In this last country there are cantons which recognize and subsidize only Protestantism; others, only Catholicism; others, both churches; but everywhere very great tolerance is practised; and the progress which that shows may be seen when compared to the past, as regards Geneva, for instance, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Let us add that a movement is assuming shape in favor of separation; quite lately it has been demanded at Geneva and Basle in a reunion of Catholics and Free-thinkers.

We shall have finished our tour of the countries in which a union more or less close exists between the Church and the State if we pass on to Italy. The situation there is extremely complicated, and for less supple minds would lead to unceasing conflict. The Kingdom of Italy, unrecognized by the Pope, has still in a

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measure inherited the very diverse functions which the little States filled with regard to the Church before the union. It watches over the administration of ecclesiastical property after having confiscated a part, and in many cases it is the Government which pays the revenue to the clergy in the form of salary. In certain dioceses it claims a right of exequatur, but in reality the nomination of the bishops depends only on the Pope. It is separated without being really so, *à l'italienne*; and *à l'italienne* one finds the means, at least for the present time, of arranging things for the best.

“Such, then, is the case,” said the Professor, after having, notwithstanding our protests, excused himself for having spoken at such length, — “such, then, is the case to-day of the nations in which the temporal and spiritual powers are not yet separated. If one thinks of what the state of things was in these same countries a hundred years ago, the intimacy between Church and State, the latter imposing respect to the former without respecting her itself, and any one who compares this ancient type of real State religion with the tolerance which now reigns everywhere will easily admit that even where it has not gone

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so far as separation, the modern world tends very clearly in that direction.

“But already there are many countries in which separation is an accomplished fact; and if we except France, in which the regime is as recent as it is imperfect, we see that all of them are satisfied with it.

“Ireland is the only country in Europe in which separation is really acclimatized. When the Anglican Church was disestablished in that country on January 1, 1871, she kept complete possession of the buildings and of all objects pertaining to her worship; she was indemnified for her landed property, and the annuities of her ministers were paid in full. As to the Catholics—who form the great majority of the population—they had seen, in O’Connell’s time, the Government offer to pay the salaries of the bishops and priests if they would allow it to interfere in the nominations. Without any hesitation this proposition was rejected as an insult, they being unwilling at any price to sell the smallest particle of their liberty.

“All the nations of America except Peru, which has kept a Concordat, have adopted the rule of separation. To refuse to attach a documentary importance to this fact, under

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the pretext that it exists in new countries and with races different from our own, implies a notion more simple than exact of the reality. It is too easily forgotten that this concerns nations all of whom came over from Europe, and who had brought to the New World the customs and prejudices of the Old. It is not only among the Anglo-Saxons, but among the sons and grandsons of Portuguese and Spaniards, and even of French and Italians, that the separation of Church and State is established on the other side of the Atlantic; and what is more decisive still, it was not established until after a long experience of the State religions. One reasons about these nations as if they dated from a few years since, and as if the relations between the spiritual and temporal powers had never known any change: the truth is that it was long before they adopted separation, and then deliberately, and after being firmly convinced, either wrongly or rightly, of its advantages. Even if they had dated from yesterday, their example, in my opinion, would be the more convincing; it would prove that the concept of separation had succeeded in gaining an entrance into the minds of people of to-day, because our contemporaries, wherever they might have found

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themselves on fresh soil, with perfect freedom of action, would naturally have established the regime they preferred. But why advance these ideas only under the form of hypotheses? If America is not an entirely new country, still, new countries exist, such as Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Now, these new countries have all established themselves without discussion, from the very first day, and as it were by instinct, on a separatist footing. That proves that it is the most natural, the best adapted to the conditions and needs, and to the nature itself, of humanity in our days.

“But let us return to America and notice for the sake of brevity only the three principal Republics.

“Brazil has had separation only since the fall of the Empire. Catholicism was there so much the State religion that until 1881 it was necessary to profess it in order to have the right to a legislative mandate. The Constitution of 1891 has abolished the Budget of Public Worship and all official relations with the churches; but it has left them the possession of their former buildings for worship, with that of their other real estate, and it allows them perfect liberty to live, to propagate, and to

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acquire property. The clergy having at first protested against the new order of things, soon finished by being satisfied with it, and at present they are on excellent terms with the Government,—a proof that a Concordat is not essential to a good understanding.

“The Mexican separation was instituted in quite another spirit, and as a means of thwarting the influence of the Church. Begun in 1856, by the suppression of the ecclesiastical mortmain, the movement did not reach its final stage till the act of December, 1874. In many points this law resembles our own, and a number of its vexatious clauses manifest the same anti-clerical feeling. M. Briand, in his famous report, speaks of it with admiration as “the most complete and most harmonious lay legislation which has ever been enforced.” And still he himself sums up Article 13 by saying that “the religious bodies organize themselves hierarchically, as they choose, and their Superior represents them before the Government.” To think that in France a similar arrangement would have sufficed to remove all the difficulties from which she is now suffering! But by a puerile and dangerous fiction it was determined to ignore the Church. As if that could prevent her from existing!”

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When the Professor had got so far, he wanted me to explain our methods, but I refused energetically, and he continued :

“The example of the United States would be, whatever one may say, still more instructive. We too easily imagine that they have always enjoyed religious liberty and that it is a privilege due to their youth. But this youth, which dates back three hundred years, was far more stormy than is generally imagined. Until the War of Independence religious liberty did not hinder, in New England and Virginia, the spoliation, imprisonment, exile, and sometimes even the death of those who dissented; for almost everywhere the different Protestant sects showed the greatest intolerance toward each other and still more intolerance toward Catholicism. A mutual respect for the faith of their fellow-citizens was not manifested until the day that there was need of all the combined strength of the nation to combat the common foe, when it was necessary, at all costs, to unite in order to become a great people,— a lesson which those would do well to remember who desire, not to become, but to remain, a great people.

“And again, the separation of the spiritual and temporal powers established after the

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victory, in the articles of the Federal Constitution, was only by degrees, and in the course of the nineteenth century, practically introduced into the statutes of each State. To-day it prevails everywhere in the laws as well as in the manners and customs; the difficulties which it at first encountered here and there have promptly disappeared without leaving a trace, and among the eighty million citizens of the great Republic there would not be one found to demand, under any form whatever, the return to a state religion."

A silence mingled with signs of approbation welcomed the end of this substantial thesis. A venerable lady, who had by degrees approached us, interrupted it by saying in a grieved tone: "Everybody could accept such a separation as that, but it is very different from that which they offer us in France! Am I not right, Monseigneur?"

The Bishop was silent, and the Professor resumed with vivacity:

"I am far from ignoring the faults of our recent law. I only wished to judge the question from a higher standpoint and show that separation, in whatever manner it may be established among us, is not in itself an exceptional and

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accidental fact, but, on the contrary, a perfectly normal phenomenon in the present state of mankind, a phenomenon conformable to the general evolution of the world; and consequently the question is not to know how to destroy or even disparage it, but how one may succeed in ameliorating it, or at least in making the best of it. As the sage Epictetus said, there are some things which depend on ourselves, and those we must try to render good; there are others which do not depend on us, and those we must leave. He said also that often things have two handles, a good and a bad; and he thought one should take hold of them by the good one. I believe that our separation — yes, even ours — has its good one; and though its existence does not depend upon us, much depends upon us as to the use we make of it.”

At this moment the Bishop intervened. It was quite apparent that he could no longer keep silence. After having declared that he alone was responsible for his opinions, and that others more venerable might think quite differently, he quoted from memory, as entirely expressing his own sentiments, these words of Mgr. d'Hulst :

“The rupture of the Concordat would cause

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a great upheaval, but it would restore to us our dignity and independence, would allow us to reconstitute a strong episcopate, an apostolic clergy, and to resume afresh, under laborious but in the end fruitful conditions, the evangelization of France." He then proceeded to a minute criticism of the defects of the law, almost in the terms used by Bernard, on the day when the inventory took place at Bellevue, but naturally with much more eloquence and vigor.¹ Then he added in the most convinced tone :

“ One should know the difficulties which the Church experienced under the Concordat in varying her means of action and adapting them to the present-day needs ! She was hampered on every side by the custom of centuries, and her movements were impeded even in what belonged to the material order, even to the geographical limits of her boundaries. To create a parish where an increasing population demanded one, to do away with another which had no longer any life, to unite two which were becoming too small, represented a super-human task, and involved such difficulties, under ministries far from apostolic, to say the least,

¹ See Chapter V.

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that my colleagues and I gave up the attempt. And thus happened what we have seen, and what may still be seen in every diocese : poor young priests wasting away, consumed with melancholy, if not worse, in villages deserted or in parishes totally irreligious ; whilst in Paris a pastor of a faubourg numbered a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants under his jurisdiction, nine-tenths of whom, however zealous he and his assistants might be, were born, lived, and died without spiritual aid of any sort. And thus it was easy for ill-disposed persons to criticise episcopal administration and to be indignant that the rich parishes absorbed all the resources, and that a smaller number of inhabitants had a larger staff of clergy. But a law was necessary to establish a new parish ; to open a chapel-of-ease one had to get a decree ; and there was no power on earth which could oblige or even authorize a rich church to share its superfluity with an indigent one. Now, on the contrary, whatever it may cost us, we shall readapt the religious service to the real necessities and needs of the Christians of 1906, not those of 1802.

“ Provided that, in spite of present difficulties, we succeed in constituting for ourselves a legal form of existence, I shall not trouble

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myself about the danger in which a parish without any religion may find itself in losing the semblance it still kept of a degree of spiritual life, with its empty church and its sad presbytery; it is not the exterior but the interior which matters, — not buildings, but souls. And what harm will there be if the priest who was wasting his life there can make good use of it elsewhere, if he live a little farther away with two or three of his colleagues, and return from time to time to preach a mission to these unbelievers? The ancient tree will again become green and flourishing, and the birds of the air, which had deserted it, will return and build their nests in its spreading branches.

“More important still than this material readjustment, appears to us the moral renovation which the separation regime will impose on the clergy and the faithful. Henceforth the clergy, being in contact with the realities of existence and at the same time obliged to see, consult with, interest their people, and render account to them, will acquire a truer idea of modern life and its exigencies; it will become more indulgent, while its qualities of initiative and intelligence will be developed. That which happens to missionaries whose action is not limited and circumscribed beforehand

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will be its portion ; the type of Lavigerie will become acclimatized in the metropolis.

“The educative force of the new regime will have its influence as well on the laity. Undoubtedly religion holds an important place in the life of our Catholic people. As a result of the Concordat, they found religious services provided for without any need of their troubling themselves. The consequence was that an essential part of their moral life was deprived of any personal effort or responsibility. In the future all this will be changed ; the benefits of religion will be assured to them only in the measure they deserve them, by their personal initiative and sacrifices. They themselves will be the gainers by their abnegation and energy, and their religion will be the more appreciated the more it has cost them. I rather like this new application of the text, ‘Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.’ ”

Our group, which had by this time attracted to it more than twenty persons, could not help discreetly applauding these hopeful words. The old lady alone abstained from doing so, and with a melancholy air she bent toward me, saying : “Do not believe that all our bishops have fallen so low as this ! ”

CHAPTER X

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KING

In the Home of Montalembert's Daughter — The Romance of "Astrée" — The Host's Book, "Souvenirs Politiques" — Occurrences following the Franco-Prussian War — Reunions of Several Generations in French Families — Books concerning French Explorers in Illinois — Greatness of the History of France in the Past.

“**N**EAR the ancient city of Lyons, on the western side, there is a district called Forests, containing within its narrow bounds that which is most rare elsewhere in the country of the Gauls.” Most of my readers will agree, after this preamble from “L’Astrée,” that I should have been inexcusable had I not included Forez in my itinerary, even had I not been attracted thither by the most enticing of invitations.

No province could be more representative and at the same time more pleasing to a foreigner. Its geographical position makes it, as it were, a centre which serves as a stage of transition between Northern and Southern

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France. The *Langue d'Oc*, with its sonorous accent, ends here; and the *Langue d'Oil*, with its more monotonous tone, begins. One seldom knows, at the sources of its rivers, whether these will go with the Loire to the ocean or with the Rhone to the Mediterranean. Its temperature is like that of Paris, with the brilliancy of a more vivid sunlight. Different aspects of nature meet here without clashing. A circle of hills surrounds the sixty thousand *hectares* of the central plain, and beyond the hills is a range of mighty mountains, which do not in the least mar the harmonious softness of the horizon. No isolated summits, no sharp peaks, pierce the clouds; the chains rise, undulate, and reach their great height almost imperceptibly. One river, the Loire, the longest in France, is here quite unpretentious, its importance by no means surpassing that of its beautiful neighbors, the Ondaine, the Furens, the Mare, the Thoranche, the Lignon, and the Teissonne. People tell me, if I could thoroughly study the moral conditions of Forez, either in the past or in the present, I should find its manners and customs peaceful, its character as temperate as its climate, and its history more honest than brilliant. To say the truth, this is how it appears in the

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genius and works of its two most celebrated writers, — for instance, in “Pernette,” by La-prade, and in “L’Astrée,” by D’Urfé.

The god who presides over travels, who knows my love of history and ancient things (we have those of the living present at home), — this god has been very propitious to me. My hosts at Forez are the owners of the Château d’Urfé, and would probably live there if it were not a ruin. The house they inhabit is less quaint, but more comfortable. It has also a picturesque park, from which there is a magnificent view, as far as the Alps and over the Cévennes; and, half a century ago, its roof sheltered a greater man than the author of “L’Astrée.” For here, sometimes, came one of the two Frenchmen of the nineteenth century who understood and served Liberty better than any others in that age, claiming it — a most rare thing in Europe — for others as well as for themselves. I am staying with the eldest daughter of Montalembert, and I have got the room that used to be his. I mentioned two liberal Frenchmen: the second, or perhaps the first, was the Père Lacordaire; and in the adjoining room there is a precious piece of furniture, containing the manuscripts of several of his works, and the whole collection of his

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letters—most of them unpublished—to his illustrious friend.

The son-in-law of Montalembert, the Vicomte de M——, invited me because of his relations with Peabody, whom he has often entertained in this residence, and whose friendship with my father was well known to him. He himself has been very closely connected with the great events of contemporary history, as he was twice Minister in the early days of the Republic, and in that capacity took part in the famous attempt of the Sixteenth of May, 1876. My craving for memories of the past here finds plenty of nourishment without going back to the remote origin of Forez, to the Ségusiaves, who were subject to the Éduens and freed from their yoke by Cæsar, to the ravages of the Saracens or the English, or even to the religious wars and that terrible Baron des Adrets who compelled his prisoners to throw themselves from the towers of Montbrison, sparing only one soldier on account of this witticism: “Vous trouvez mauvais que je m’y prenne à deux fois? Monsieur, je vous le donne en dix!” I am absorbing the romance of D’Urfé and the “Souvenirs Politiques” of my host, mixing with the insipidly gentle shepherds of the Lignon and assisting at the

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parliamentary struggles of the first year of the Republic; and I pass from Céladon to the Comte de Chambord without exactly knowing which is the more chimerical of the two.

One must be in the country of D'Urfé and its heroes to find courage enough to read the whole, or the greater part, of the romance of "Astrée." I do not wish to detract from the merits of the author, worthy heir of a race which had bestowed great blessings on the country, defended its religion and independence, introduced a taste for art from Italy, and left a precious collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* in their Château de la Bâtie. Honoré raised and improved the taste and tone of the literature and morals of his time, more perhaps than any other writer. One must not take as a natural sequence to his work the tedious imitations of it, such as "Cléopâtre," "Polexandre," "Le Grand Cyrus," but look for his successors in writers like the Marquise de Rambouillet, and in all those who with her paved the way for the urbanity of the *grand siècle* by attacking the coarse tone of the language, the manners, and even the life of the time in which they lived. We find the conversations and adventures of the shepherds of the Lignon

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too insipid and affected, the former especially in appreciating the delicacy of thought and sentiment that is so disgusted with the improprieties in Brantôme's stories, and the reprehensible manners of the court and society under the Valois and under Henry IV. It would ill become us to be stricter in criticising the style of "Astrée" than were La Fontaine and Boileau, and more severe in judging its ideas than St. François de Sales and his friend the Bishop of Belley.

But that which enhances the merit of Honoré d'Urfé, namely, the pitiable state of the literature of his time, nevertheless somewhat diminishes the glory of his unparalleled success if we judge his works by their intrinsic worth. I think his contemporaries would not have fêted Céladon so much if they had known the heroes of Walter Scott, or Charles Dickens, or Alexandre Dumas, or George Eliot, or Alphonse Daudet, or even of Churchill, W. Dean Howells, Horace Lorimer, or Rudyard Kipling.

During two rainy days I studied "L'Astrée" as much as any one can who is not obliged to do so for a living. I ran through the five parts, and then attentively read an old thesis for a doctor's degree, an epitome of the subject

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in thirty pages, thanks to which I appear so learned. Having finished it, I again took up the work itself, and followed the story of Astrée and her lover, every time I could trace it in the labyrinth of episodes. She and Céladon are not to be equalled in the art of loving each other, of quarrelling and being reconciled, and, last but not least, of assuring each other of the fact. All the shepherd lads and lasses — and there is not a boy or girl in that country who does anything but keep sheep — also pass their lives in mutual passion and unavailing grief, all the while addressing to each other from morning till night, sometimes in verse and sometimes in prose, the most heart-rending reproaches or the tenderest declarations. The author evidently saw no necessity for limiting the number of persons or the length of their conversations; and I am not surprised that, after having published four parts, of which three are in twelve books and one in seven, he saw death approaching before he had finished the fifth part.

In fact, in these thousands of pages, scarcely anything ever happens. In the beginning Céladon drowns himself because Astrée, unjustly suspecting him of faithlessness, has declared she will never see him again. He

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escapes death, as one expects and as he necessarily must from the length of his story. Whilst his despairing shepherdess is making a splendid funeral for her lover, he is weeping with the nymphs who have saved him and are doing their very best to solace his sadness. Eventually, advised and sheltered by an excellent Druid, he disguises himself as a shepherdess and begins to see Astrée again, who becomes attached to him under this new guise. From thenceforth it would seem as if the way were smoothed and he would have nothing to do but to make himself known. But no! for about a hundred chapters he hesitates; and when he has at last taken the decisive step, Astrée, to our great surprise, commands him to go away again and die far from her presence, never dreaming, cruel fair one, that this time might really be the last. Happily the Abbé Constantin — the good Druid, I mean — ends by arranging matters. The two heroes go to consult the fountain of True Love, accompanied by other shepherds and shepherdesses, perplexed by similar problems, and every one reads in its beneficent waters that it is time to be married. Now, all this happened in the time of Teutatès, of unicorns, of Greek gods, and of the Merovingians, in the palmy days

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of Portugal and Byzantium, when Gondebaud reigned in Burgundy and Arthur in Britain.

I sincerely beg my host's pardon; but what I learn from his conversation and from reading his "Souvenirs Politiques" seems scarcely less strange to my unsophisticated American soul than the romance of the beautiful *Astrée*. And yet it is history, and those even — I have verified it for myself — who differ most in their opinions from M. de M—— recognize the exactness, loyalty, and impartiality of his accounts, holding up his book as a model of calm, unbiassed justice. As for me, whilst reading it, that series of facts which has so astonished me ever since I came to France begins to seem more natural and real, and I see, in a rather clearer light, the almost insuperable difficulties against which the home policy of the country has been struggling for thirty-five years. I feel at liberty to mention this in my notes, having spoken openly about it without at all shocking the broad and liberal mind of the old Minister of the sixteenth of May.

The day after those nameless disasters and in the momentary truce granted by the enemy camping on the territory (1871), France nominates an Assembly whose mission is to treat

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with the conqueror and reconstitute the country. By instinct the people, forgetful of past quarrels, have recourse almost everywhere to the most honest men. They reap the benefit of this, for their chosen delegates fulfil their first task, that of making peace, with the least detriment possible; and their second, that of restoring moral order, military power, credit, and even prestige, with a success surpassing all expectation.

But, by a fatality which the past explains without making it less disastrous, those very same men, who so well understand and serve the immediate interests of their country, are incapable of grasping the situation or of following the political and social evolution; the majority of them do not suspect that France, unconsciously or not, has reached a state of democracy. They are not agreed about the government that must be established, but are determined they will not have the only one possible, a republic; and when, urged by the force of circumstances, they institute it in spite of themselves, they lose all the benefit arising from their wise action by showing plainly that they regret it and are only seeking for an occasion to destroy their work: after having, according to a characteristic

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speech, "strongly fortified the place, they march out, with a great beating of drums, to besiege it." They marched outside; they remain out. And, if it is to the great satisfaction of their enemies — the only ones henceforth admitted to a share of power, as I saw whilst studying the case of my friend Pontenay — it is a great loss to the nation to be thus deprived, if not of the most clear-sighted, at least of the most honest and disinterested, of its servants.

Their defeat was doubtless inevitable: they were quite ignorant of the real desires of the country; and because in the day of its distress it made an appeal to their devotedness as a means of salvation, they thought they were still followed by it, at the same time that it was deliberately going farther and farther away from them, and doing its best at each election to call attention to the fact. But even if the work of restoration which they undertook had not met with any opposition from without, it would still have come to grief through the mere fact of the man and the institutions that would ostensibly profit by its success.

The King, for whom they worked, was always most inconsiderately creating difficulties

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for them. When, in spite of himself, they had paved the way for his accession, which, it appears, would soon have led to the most fatal consequences, it was he, their prince, who refused to sit on the throne, by making a condition bordering on folly, — a condition which his most faithful partisans without exception, from the most incapable to the most intelligent, vainly tried to induce him to waive. What sort of a sovereign would this Chevalier of the White Flag have made, this claimant to the throne, who was quite incapable of understanding the honorable, manifest, and unanimous sentiment of his subjects on the simplest, though at the same time the most critical, of questions. It is true that the flower of the party, setting their hopes on the successors to the Comte de Chambord, afterwards prolonged the struggle against the republican form of government only whilst waiting for the demise of this more visionary than enlightened prince. But how was it they did not see that, even if France had been royalist, like themselves, she could not indefinitely remain in a state of expectation and uncertainty about the Constitution? If the Duc de Broglie and his friends, to use their own words, performed “the wonderful feat” of prolonging this state of

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affairs for the space of seven years, it reflects credit on their cleverness, but blame on their want of political insight. Perhaps in certain respects they were worth more than the nation, but certainly they were not in touch with it and not congenial to it.

“The failure of the causes dear to us was brought about more by their own representatives and partisans than by their opponents.” This melancholy reflection of the Vicomte de M—— is only too well justified by the facts he relates. He and his friends were continually coming into collision, as royalists, with the resistance of the King and his advisers; as Catholics, with the violent language, often even with the opposition, of ecclesiastical authority and the religious press. At the same time, in fact, that the monarchy claimed the white flag, a party in the Church, under pretext of defending the temporal power, demanded a protest and an attitude which would have led to a rupture with Italy, and consequently perhaps to war with that country and Germany. Immediately after disasters not yet repaired, this was recklessness itself. In spite of the skill of the conservatives in avoiding this perilous mistake, they were continually reproached with having committed it, and

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perhaps the most effective weapon used against them was a belief inspired in the people that on account of their solidarity with the Church their maintenance in the Government would bring about a new war.

To say the truth, it does not redound to the glory of the republicans that they made such use of the situation as to cast the fear of the invader into the balance of party. The undeniable support they received from the official newspapers of Berlin and Rome will always tarnish the brilliancy of their victory; and one cannot say theirs was the sublime role on the day that the vanquished Broglie could, from the tribune of the Assembly, and in presence of the diplomatic corps, record their avowals while uttering this eloquent cry: "It is the first time that the real or supposed menace of a foreigner has ever intruded into our national deliberations. If persisted in, it would be the sign of the irreparable decadence of our country. Was it not on the Agora of expiring Athens that they evoked the phantom of Philip of Macedon? Was it not in the Diet of Poland that they turned, before voting, to know what the ambassadors of Catherine thought and wished? I desired to spare my country this . . . I have not succeeded."

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Far from the world and from the epoch when such questions of moment were being discussed for France, and inclined as I am by my democratic temperament to lay the blame on the conservative monarchists, I am very anxious to do them justice, and I repeat, first and foremost, one ought to take into account the formal preference expressed by Bismarck in favor of the Republic, and his undisguised fear of seeing France resume her rank and influence too quickly by means of royalty. The Deputies on the right and their Ministers had also other reasons for acting as they did. I do not find them equally convincing, but still they ought to be taken into consideration.

The Republic was to them the destruction of everything they judged necessary to the life of the country ; it was the progressive tax on the revenue, the separation of Church and State, the education of the laity, the election of judges, the reduction and even abolition of a permanent army ; it meant, sooner or later, social revolution. In this complex programme they did not at all understand how to discriminate ; the whole of it seemed equally reprehensible to them. They saw, or thought they saw, " religious, military, judicial, economic, and financial institutions all menaced

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at one blow," and they sought for a safeguard in monarchy. They had a perfect right to do so; and in the early days, I acknowledge, it was quite possible thus to delude themselves. The misfortune is that they persisted in their delusion; and even after the great refusal of the Comte de Chambord, the republican elections, the vote for the Constitution, and the defeat of the Sixteenth of May, they could not discern this obvious truth that, not being able to achieve the welfare of their country under the monarchy, it remained for them to do it, without vain regrets, under the republic. And it is no excuse for them to say that the republicans, even the most moderate, have refused their coöperation. Perhaps this would not have been the case if they had loyally and in time renounced the monarchy. In any case, they had no need of any one's permission to enter the republic, that form of government not being in itself private property.

What was the result of this abstention, or, if you will, ostracism, of those on the Right? A dangerous disturbance of equilibrium in politics and an almost irresistible and rapid movement in the direction of the Left. Too few in number to form a majority themselves, the monarchists of all shades of opinion were yet

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numerous enough to render the conservative party quite incapable of resisting its adversaries when deprived of their support. The liberal republicans were in power during one tenure of office only; the opportunists, who succeeded them, retreated before radicalism, and this last party, triumphant at the present day, will soon perhaps be replaced by the socialists. There is also a party being formed, more extreme even than the socialists, a group of *sans-patrie* and anarchists, who are hoping to succeed them. Under pretext of democracy, it outbids all reforms and changes, whether realizable or not; under color of progress it is marching toward the abyss.

I am decidedly beginning to enter into the spirit of French politics, since here I am indulging in abstract interpretations, simple and logical views, reactionary sentiments, and, by way of finale, in pessimism. Let us become American again and see, without reasoning too much, things just as they are, — neither very bad nor perfectly good, but transformable into better or worse through the action of energetic men. In reality, I think the first phase of the Republic is approaching its end; thirty-six years of duration have weakened the results of its *début*, and the events which have

happened since will, in their turn, produce some action. For the faults of the Right the faults of the Left have been substituted, and the moment is coming when they will yield their fruit. For example, as far as it is possible for me to judge, the bugbear of intolerance and narrow-mindedness is passing from the extreme Right to the extreme Left. The direct proof of the social verities was badly interpreted and illustrated; the proof *ex absurdo* will be more clearly expressed. When the peril becomes too menacing, all the friends of order will unite in resisting it. In a certain measure one understands that the party of progress has refused an alliance with the monarchists, even with those convinced of their error; but it is incomprehensible that they should brand their descendants with a sort of original sin and spurn them for ever, especially when they are sincere republicans. I conclude from this that, in a more or less remote future, all honest minds, agreed on the form of government as on the essential principles of justice and morality, will form a party in the Republic which will be capable of moderating without arresting it, and of regulating the social and political evolution of the French nation without putting obstacles in its way.

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The last elections, which have alarmed so many people, seem to me to be rather of a nature to strengthen this hope. They have destroyed for ever those two phantoms which have hitherto, in a puerile but most effectual manner, disunited the Right and frightened the Left. Who can henceforth evoke with any success the monarchist and clerical perils? The monarchy has ceased to be even a dream, and I like to think that the Church, now separated from the State, wounded and insulted as she has been each time they beguiled her into political strife, will end by withdrawing far from these agitations and devoting herself in fruitful silence to her religious mission. And thus the Republic without equivocation can finish the series of experiments, the series of its schools. When the folly of collectivism has been proved once for all, — the affair of a short moment of agitation, — it will return to the honest and healthy practices which are in conformity with its nature.

In order to insure his perfect freedom as well as my own, I did not read these remarks to the amiable host in whose house I had just written them. They would not anger him, because my republicanism never in the slightest

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degree interfered with his kindness toward me; perhaps they might even appear to him to be very tenable, if it is true that he himself said to some one, who recently asked his help for a royalist propaganda, "I still have faith and charity; I have no longer hope." I shall know what he thinks of this chapter when it appears — if by chance it ever should.

Less easily than my reserve about his politics would he pardon my appreciation of himself and his family, were I inadvertently to give expression to all the good I think of them. I cannot, however, altogether abstain from referring to it. He has been in America and is acquainted with our country; he must, therefore, be aware how new and unfamiliar was the sight that struck me on the day of my arrival here: children and grandchildren in goodly numbers, all in perfect accord, grouped, full of deference and tender love, round smiling grandparents. All ages are represented, from the babe in the cradle, the blustering school-boy, the graceful, pensive young girl, the father and mother in the prime of life, to the grandparents, still hale and hearty — less than a year ago I could have added "to the great-grandmother"; and the venerable lady of whom I speak was none other than the wife

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of a man who became celebrated in 1843 — the wife of Montalembert.

It is grand, that American initiative of ours, and that courage with which each one of us goes out, confident in God and himself, to establish his own standing. Would it not be grander still, if it were possible in our ever-changing life, to keep the old family fireside, to which the sons of the same father would sometimes repair, with their wives and children, to instil new joy and brightness into the lives of the grandparents, to strengthen their own fraternal bonds, and to unite their descendants in the bonds of sweetest friendship? In this house also all the men are workers: one a manufacturer, another an agriculturist, one a soldier, another a sailor. Each one has his own work apart from the rest, but that does not make him lose sight of the others; and whenever he is free, it is his happiness to join them and associate his little family with all belonging to the common one, thus multiplying the sweetest joys, the most delicate sentiments, and the most natural and profound affections.

Such was the charming spectacle which delighted me on the first night of my arrival; and again I see that great table where my host

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sat, reminding me of the just man in the Bible, surrounded by his children as an olive-tree with its branches. A little restrained during the repast (but only on that first evening) by the presence of a stranger, frank and open-hearted gayety at once diffused itself throughout the drawing-rooms, and the children darted off and were scattered in little animated groups, like pieces of gold from a suddenly unclashed purse. The family, without any other guest but myself, formed a circle as large as an evening party in society, but how much more intimate and hearty! What would I not have given to belong to it!

And it was better still when a little bell stopped the games and laughter, and everybody went toward the chapel, where the servants were already arriving from their side. Neither in the little meditation read by the grandmother on a passage of the Gospel, nor in the expressive language of the evening prayer, did I hear a single word antagonistic to my own belief. Is Catholicism then so different from what it has been represented? It is not enough to say that nothing shocked me in this religious act. The impression it produced on me was deep, and became stronger each evening during my sojourn. Christ declared that if

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two or three disciples would assemble together to pray in His name, He would be in their midst; and I knew that He was amongst us, and felt, as never before, the thrill caused by His presence. I have since learned that there was in a reliquary on the altar that which the Catholics call the Blessed Sacrament, or, in one expressive and truly audacious word, "the Real Presence" of the Saviour. And I also know that many of my compatriots have gone over to the Roman Church from having felt the effects of this Presence. But let us leave these disturbing thoughts.

After the patriarchal ceremony the children bade good-night, and the servants retired to their rooms; for had they not to rise much earlier than their masters? Their services are dispensed with in the drawing-room; the ladies will make the tea themselves. The servants are allowed a holiday for the greater part of Sunday. I regret to say that these simple attentions are the exception in France. We have trouble enough at home to get servants at all; if we treated them as they are treated in the Old World, there would not be ten left between New York and San Francisco.

After prayers and the departure of the children, the conversation assumes a graver

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character. Interesting questions are broached without pedantry; and books, magazines, and engravings are discussed. I am delighted with the publications of a learned society at Montbrison called the Diana, which has printed everything that is known about the province of Forez, and reproduced in magnificent phototypes all its churches, castles, monuments, and landscapes that deserve notice. What souvenirs and what marvels! What wealth of history and art! When shall we have such treasures? At any rate, we know how to appreciate the little we have; and I very much astonished my hosts by speaking of the large collection of learned books that have already appeared concerning our State of Illinois. They asked what they were all about.

“Why, first of all, about you Frenchmen and your wonderful explorers in the days gone by, of your La Salle and your Marquette, who, two or three centuries ago, were the first to bring civilization and Christianity to us; you are, you know, in a measure, our Greeks and Romans. And then we are seeking for traces of the Indians, of their languages, their customs, and their forms of worship. We also relate what the first colonists tell of the courageous initiative of the pioneers, of their struggles

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against the savages, of their many defeats and massacres, and, finally, of their glorious success and of the triumphant march, now uninterrupted, of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, arts, religion, and universal progress. And our monographs often begin with the arrival and stamping out of one little isolated family, and end with statistical triumphs like the history of Chicago. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw its hundred and odd inhabitants, who were miserably camped in the reeds bordering the lake, massacred in one fell blow; and the beginning of the twentieth century greeted its two million and a half of citizens, with their riches and culture, the incomparable prosperity of their industries, their trade, and their schools.

They listen to me with kindness, but nevertheless I feel that our history pales before that of France, and that, in matters of the past, glorious Lyons effaces Chicago. Let us modestly content ourselves with carrying all before us in the present and with being far ahead in the future! One knows how to accept one's place! I recognize, for example, that few houses of ours have received in fifty years (and how many houses are there of fifty years' standing?) guests like those who have

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visited the one in which I am staying: Montalembert and all his family, Mgr. Dupanloup, Berryer, the Cardinal de Bonald, De Laprade, Lady Herbert, Père Denifle, the Cochins, the De Broglies, and Mgr. de Mérode, the founder of Belgian independence and father of Mme. de Montalembert. It is true that two of its most illustrious visitors were our own compatriots, Peabody and Cardinal Gibbons.

Also, if the conversation should by chance fall on graphology, one could scarcely see my fellow-countrymen select from their family letters autographs like those shown me by Mme. de Montalembert: many of her father's letters and all the enormous correspondence of Lacordaire with him; other letters from Tocqueville, Berryer, Guizot, the Comte de Paris, Thiers, the Duc de Broglie, Buffet, Auguste Cochin, Dupanloup, the Duc d'Aumale, the Comte de Chambord, and Falloux. I mention only those of the dead. I made a little attempt to examine them critically, and never before have I had such great pleasure. It is incredible how the writing of all these personages corresponds to the idea which history gives of them.

Oh, what a charming and interesting evening it was! And, to crown all, I received by

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way of souvenir a letter of four pages, written on the fifteenth of May, 1835, by the hand of Montalembert, "to Monsieur l'Abbé Döllinger, Professor of Theology, at Munich," to introduce the father of Comte Albert de Mun, and to send him news of François Rio, of the La Ferronnays, of Lacordaire and the prodigious success of his lectures, and of the Abbé de Lamennais, "a prey to the wildest political exaltation, but having preserved all his charm of heart and mind." I shall bequeath this letter, and for greater security I bequeath it here and now, to the library of the University of Chicago.

CHAPTER XI

SAINT-ÉTIENNE AND VIENNE

The Burgher Aristocracy of Saint-Étienne — Workmen's Gardens — Vienne Cathedral — Difference between French and American Girls.

I DO not know why it is that in Europe we have the reputation of being wanting in affection. If it were so, I should be less attached to my friends in France and should not have been so sorry to leave them. I have stayed longer than I ought to have done with the De M—— family, and there remains only one week in which to see Saint-Étienne and Lyons, return to Paris, and take the steamer from Havre. Our classes have already begun, and I must be all the more careful to avoid grieving my father by too long an absence, as he was good enough not to fix any date for my return.

Here I am, then, in the train for Saint-Étienne! The line rapidly descends the slope of the hills, reaches the plain, and crosses the

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Loire near Andrézieux, after which it ascends for about two hundred metres. What a delightful little stream this is! One would never imagine it was the longest river in France. No other is so changeable; before Roanne it varies from seven thousand cubic metres a second to seven million, so much is it stronger at certain periods of the Winter than during the heat of Summer. They say that in the provinces of Orléanais, Touraine, and Anjou it is terrific, and yet here I find it charming and modest. Does it not please you, as it does me, to contemplate the grand rivers near their source, where they are like children, full of promise and hope for the future? Like them we too are born, we grow up, we go toward an ocean; and through the whole course of our lives we may be to others hurtful or helpful.

Saint-Étienne also is a rising town. During the nineteenth century its population has increased from twenty-five thousand to one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, but its industrial activity dates back to the fifteenth century, and it was Francis I who introduced the regular manufacture of arms there. It is not Pittsburg. Our great "iron city" is far more important, yet it has not this kind of

nobility. At Saint-Étienne there is an ancient burgher class which is equivalent to an aristocracy; but its ranks are open to those who succeed in life, and it speedily assimilates them. Thus there is happily an absence of that little, narrow-minded, and envious class of bourgeois so often the bane of French towns, and from which the worst politicians are recruited. As to the workmen, they are honest peasants who have come down from their mountains and are by nature very timid, and therefore too easily led and even terrorized. Religious as a rule, they yet vote for those socialists who are by no means friendly to the Church; but their chosen candidates make allowance for this state of mind and usually show themselves only moderately anti-clerical, — such, for instance, as Minister Briand. Besides, I do not believe that in France the anti-religious feeling is so strong in the socialists as in the radicals. It has long constituted the whole programme of the latter. The socialists are rather more concerned in reforming or deforming society, as the case may be.

The country round Saint-Étienne is rich in coal mines, and metallurgy is considerably developed there; but the town itself is principally



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engaged in the manufacture of ribbons and weapons used in hunting and sport, — two industries in which it excels, and in which, as often happens in France, it triumphs over competition solely by the perfection of its products.

It would have been interesting to visit some of the large factories ; but you must not believe that all Americans answer to the type of “business men,” as is commonly imagined on this side of the water. Having only one day to spend here, under the guidance, it is true, of an intelligent young citizen, the son of the director of some steel-works, I made him enumerate all the institutions of the town, and I then gave the preference to a visit to the *Jardins Ouvriers*, or Workmen’s Gardens.

The *Jardins Ouvriers* are beginning to spread in France. The object of this undertaking is to give workers a plot of ground to cultivate and sometimes to live upon. It answers to a need which is more pressing in the Old World than it would be in America, none of our cities having, unless by exception, any such wretched and unhealthy districts as there still are in New York, and as the Chinese quarter in San Francisco was before the earthquake. However, I think the idea a good one, and I

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shall tell my father to submit it to whom-ever it may concern. Of the different forms of assistance by employment, so superior a method to simple almsgiving, this is the best. It does no harm to good workmen by lowering prices; it has not the inflexibility of administrative institutions, while it respects and even develops the liberty, the initiative, and the responsibility of the person aided.

Among the chief propagators of the idea of the *Jardins Ouvriers* I must mention the Abbé Lemire, a priest-deputy, whom I should much have liked to meet. Judging from all I heard about him, both of praise and blame, he must have very sensible ideas. It was not he, however, who created the Gardens of Saint-Étienne, but Father Volpette, a simple and venerable friar.

We found him at his registry office, where each morning he sees people and gives them advice, with the means of following it. He willingly consented to show us personally over the group of gardens which lie on a hill at the gates of the town in the immediate neighborhood of a coal mine. The ground belonging to the mine was dry and stony and of no value. To-day one may admire modest but comfortable houses surrounded by plots of

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land which produce vegetables, potatoes, and flowers; some even resemble farms, each with its shelter for a goat, its rabbit-hutch, or its noisy fowl-house. In the original plan there was no thought of a house, but the garden gave rise to the idea of an arbor in which one could rest on Sundays; and by degrees the arbor was transformed into a wooden hut, and from that into a habitable dwelling. In order to construct this, the workman was at first satisfied with his own skill, but he soon had recourse to the usual methods, the Association advancing him the necessary funds and permitting him to repay them by yearly instalments. In fact, an Association has been founded, according to the law of 1901: first, "to provide the workmen of Saint-Étienne and of the neighboring communes with the use of land and gardens, and that on the most advantageous conditions, and even free of charge; second, to build in these gardens houses, of which the workmen should become the owners, as well as of the ground, under conditions stipulated in a book of charges."

These conditions consisted, according to the statutes, in not being already the owner of a house or garden sufficient for domestic needs;

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in possessing a reputation for honesty, sobriety, and morality ; in not working either on Sundays or feast days in the gardens belonging to the Association ; in not giving up even partial possession without a special and written permission from the director of the office ; in completing on the ground allotted all the labor of cultivation, excavation, and construction.

The application of these rules is, however, left to the Association, which is autonomous, and which manages its own affairs, first, by private councils, as numerous as the fields or groups of allotments, and whose members are chosen by the heads of families ; afterwards, by a general council formed by the union of the private councils, whose special privilege it is to accept new families and to fix the sum to be expended for each field. The General Council has this year been given a fresh charge, that of fixing the rent of the gardens. Until now the workmen had enjoyed possession of them without its costing them a cent. In consequence of certain abuses, and in order to lessen the charitable character of the work, a rent will henceforth be charged, and the price, which will be very small, will be fixed according to the ground, at one, two, or three centimes a square metre.

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Other institutions have grouped themselves around the original one, that for the gardens and houses; a rural fund, a dispensary for the sick, free legal advice, a registry office, a brick-field charged with furnishing building materials at net cost. All these charitable undertakings yield an extraordinary amount of material and moral service. One may easily understand their importance by the fact that the first gardens date from 1894, and that to-day they number seven hundred. And how much more efficient is this kind of philanthropy than any other! As a convincing proof it is enough to remember that in the first four years—the least productive—they spent 15,198 francs and gained 34,000 francs by their crops of potatoes and other vegetables. But we must above all consider the results from a higher point of view; the fruitful and healthy exercise replacing the saloon, which ruins and destroys; the development of family spirit, of the sentiment of order and habits of self-control; the open-air life for poor children who otherwise would perish, as so many others, in the slums; the enjoyment of the pure sky and bright light for workers who spend a part of their lives four or five hundred metres underground.

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On leaving Saint-Étienne, I traversed a mountainous manufacturing district in which you emerge from a dark tunnel only to pass along a river or a town almost equally black. Fortunately from time to time your eye is soothed by a glimpse of wild forests. You might believe you were in Pennsylvania if you did not hear the names of the stations, such as Terrenoire, Saint-Chamond, Rive-de-Gier, Saint-Romain, Givors. From Givors one may go on to Lyons, or down to Vienne in the Department of Isère; but in any case you are on the banks of the Rhone.

And here is a river whose very name is impressive. I think of all the Roman towns which it bathed in its course from the time of Cæsar, and which I might still admire: Lugdunum, Vienne, Valentia, Arausio, Avenio, Arelate, Massilia. Thus here I am at the very gates of the Latin world, the real one which had its proconsuls and its amphitheatres, and which spoke the language of the Forum. Why did I not arrange my itinerary in such a way as to see the towns which have most preserved the vestiges of this grand epoch, Autun, Nîmes, Orange, Arles? But another journey would be better still,—Italy itself; Milan, Venice, Florence, Naples, and Rome, the Eternal

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City. It is good for us that the Old World has been preserved, so that we, the people of a new nation, may come here as pilgrims, as to the village or the burial place of our ancestors.

I could not resist the desire to stop at Vienne. It would have been a pity to miss spending a few hours in the capital of a Roman province where emperors used to live and, as tradition says, the Governor Pontius Pilate. My new friend from Saint-Étienne, who went with me to Lyons, where he had business, excused himself from accompanying me, and gave me an introduction to one of his friends, Paul N——, the young manager of a cloth manufactory.

An hour later the latter received me in his office at the works. He is a real type of an American, tall, slight, active, with a perfectly serene manner and a frank and pleasant way of greeting one.

“I am going to show you our little factory,” he said after some minutes’ conversation. “It is nothing so extraordinary as you have, so I claim your indulgence.”

“Allow me,” I said, wishing to explain the situation clearly,—“allow me to speak frankly. I have not come from Chicago to Vienne

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simply to see cloth made. My father is a professor, and I am a student at the University. What interests me is the Old World and all that relates to it."

"I am glad of that! I quite understand. How much time can you give me?"

"Two or three hours, according to the trains; I must dine at Lyons."

Paul N—— was some minutes giving his orders, after which he took me to his house, which was separated from the factory only by a court-yard. The French do not feel our need of putting some distance between the home and the office, of separating entirely one's family life and one's business life; they do not understand that this is our custom, and they imagine that we make our homes in our great buildings. Fancy our wives and children being lodged on the twentieth or thirtieth floor of some mammoth edifice; how do you think that would satisfy our home sentiment?

Paul N—— introduced me to his sister, Miss Georgette, and asked her to go with us round the town. We first stopped at the cathedral, which took three or four hundred years to build, from the twelfth century to the beginning of the sixteenth. That is quite European. What is still more so is that this town, formerly



THE TEMPLE OF AUGUSTUS AND LIVIA, VIENNA

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the see of an archbishop, is no longer even a diocese, and that this capital of a Roman province has fallen to the rank of a sub-prefecture. Is it not strange to think of a city falling into decadence? I should like to know if in the year 4000 Chicago will have done the same. She will then be as old as Vienne is now. The cathedral, in fact, is relatively young, being only six or seven hundred years. But here is the Saint-Pierre Church, which dates from the ninth century, and which gives me a very high opinion of the Roman style. Finally, there is the temple of Augustus and Livia, its walls and the six pillars of its façade rising up severely from among the ancient ruins. Instinctively and without saying a word, I bared my head, and I felt that my young guides sympathized with my emotion.

But it soon passed, and we descended toward the Rhone. In spite of its calming passage across the great Lake of Geneva, in spite, too, of the weight of the tranquil Saône with which it has burdened itself at Lyons, the river here has still the rapidity of an Alpine torrent, it has not become heavy or dull by the varied experiences of its course. Yet it would have been worth its while to delay somewhat for the sake of the landscape. On

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one side lay the old Roman town, on the other the dark crags of the Cévennes, and all was so calm, so imposing, so sleepy! To help me to enjoy it with becoming leisure, we took a carriage, in which we were slowly driven from the Saint-Maurice Institution to the Bon-Accueil Pensionnat. These are the two free schools in which my guides are proud to have been educated, — separately of course, for in France boys and girls always go to different colleges.

We three then drifted into talk about the young people of France and those of America. I do not feel capable of making a comparison between them, but if a stranger had overheard what we were discussing with equal frankness on both sides, he might perhaps have drawn certain conclusions which at the moment we scarcely thought of.

The beginning of our conversation might have made him think that, save for a hundred thousand exceptions in which each one has the right of seeking refuge for himself and his friends, the young Frenchman is less strictly virtuous than the young American, whilst the young French girl would be the superior in a certain delicacy — But no, it

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can't be that! And if by chance it were so, one might find the explanation, or rather one explanation of it, in the strict protection granted to women by the laws of the United States; from which arises, on the one hand, the more respectful behavior of young men, exposed as they are to the judgment of the court as much as to that of their conscience; while on the woman's side there is, I dare not say more audacity, but more security. It is just the contrary reasons that have developed more reserve in the French girl and in the young men more spirit of adventure.

But that which, according to Georgette, many young French girls are lacking in is independence in their external action and individuality. She herself seems far from wanting in either, and does not in any way remind you of what the French call *une petite oie blanche*. Among the astonishing customs which Miss Georgette and her brother explained to me, I note the following:

A young and unmarried French girl of good birth never goes out unaccompanied by a member of her family or by a guardian who is called a *chaperon* and usually paid for filling this strange role; *a fortiori* she never goes

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out, as with us, with a young man, and, even if he has been introduced to her family, she cannot go alone with him to the theatre. On this account young people have very little chance of conversing freely, and it is their families who, by means of intermediary agents, arrange the marriages, sometimes before they are even allowed to know each other. It appears that formerly, and in certain spheres even now, the *fiancés* were not permitted to have any *tête-à-tête* before the celebration of the marriage. In the discussions preceding the engagement the chief and all-important question is concerning the fortunes of the respective candidates. One does not marry a young girl unless her parents give her, as a dowry, sufficient means to live comfortably and to improve her husband's circumstances. One even hears discussed, under the extraordinary name of "hopes," the sum which will be theirs on their parents' death. In short, they act as if the man considered himself incapable of providing for his wife, and as if he let himself, in a sense, be bought by the highest bidder.

Paul and Georgette tell me all this so sincerely and naturally that I cannot help putting some faith in it.

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It is their turn to be astonished when I speak of the freedom existing in our country, under the protection of its laws and customs, between young men and girls; the facility they have of studying and knowing each other before being engaged; of the indignation we should feel at seeing calculations made, even between the families, as to what the *fiancés* would receive from their parents; finally, and chiefly, of the simple habit which we all have, of choosing for ourselves. I add that one must not judge America by the multi-millionaires of New York and the East who sell their daughters for an Old World title in order to get the *entrée* of the aristocratic salons of London, Paris, Vienna, or Rome. And I finished by showing the happy effect of the education of our young girls; that, being free before marriage, they are not obliged to accept it enthusiastically as a deliverance, but examine the question dispassionately until they find some one who pleases them, quite resolved to steer the bark of their destiny alone, if need be.

These details interested Miss Georgette immensely, and at the same time inspired her with a certain feeling of emulation.

“How nice all that, or nearly all that, sounds,” she cried, “and how happy our sisters

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in America are! But don't think us more *moules* than we are."

"More *moules*?"

"Pardon, that is slang, and I am wrong; I meant to say more *empotées*. How stupid of me! More timid, I mean, that is, more insignificant, more passive, more like Turkish women, more resigned to the yoke. While respecting tradition, we are resolved to fight against prejudices. When I say we —" And she stopped, somewhat embarrassed.

"When you say you?" I asked, not quite seeing where the indiscretion was.

"Well, it's like this. In a village in the centre that I won't name, there was a young girl, a relative of mine and very energetic and intelligent. Just because she possessed these qualities in the highest degree, she attracted, without seeking to do so, five or six other young girls who also aspired to improve themselves. They thus formed a little group for reading and study. When they were separated during the holidays, they interchanged letters. By degrees each member interested and affiliated to the group two or three personal friends living in different towns. Without any preconceived plan the number of contributors to this kind of circular letter gradually

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increased. It was not made public, nor was it even printed; but it received the name of "The Gleaner" (*La Glaneuse*), and its twenty lithographed pages travelled about between us, bringing to all the opinions of each on that which interested her: on the dignity of life; on the books to read; on the means of success in any social work; on the requests for, and offers of, employment for our *protégés*; on the manner of decorating the house, making it pleasant, keeping our brothers at home; in short, everything that could develop our action and our responsibility, help us to be our true selves, and make of us so many centres of resistance to evil and of progress in good. I don't explain myself very clearly, but you know what I mean."

I answered her quite sincerely that she explained herself perfectly, and that I admired her brave effort. She was careful to add that it was not hers, but that of her friends, and also that such efforts were by no means very exceptional, and that the *Sillon*, after first having created a movement among the young men, was now establishing, and most successfully, courses of study and social work for young girls.

I heartily applauded these noble attempts, and we should have continued still longer to

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celebrate the praises of the young girls in both hemispheres, if it had not been time to catch the train for Lyons. When I was about to leave, we all shook hands with regret, and, as they went away, I heard Paul say something in a teasing tone to his sister, to which she responded by a vigorous blow from her sunshade.

And then I entered the deep tunnel which passes under the town. It is always sad to leave the light. I hated to think I should not see them any more. In English we have no feminine form for George. But what a pretty name Georgette is!

CHAPTER XII

LYONS AND FOURVIÈRE

The Character of the Lyonnese — The Hospitals of Lyons — Organization of Philanthropic Work — Silk Manufacture and Other Industries — Schools of Technical Instruction — The Sanctuary on Fourvière — Superstitious Practices — An Intolerant Prelate.

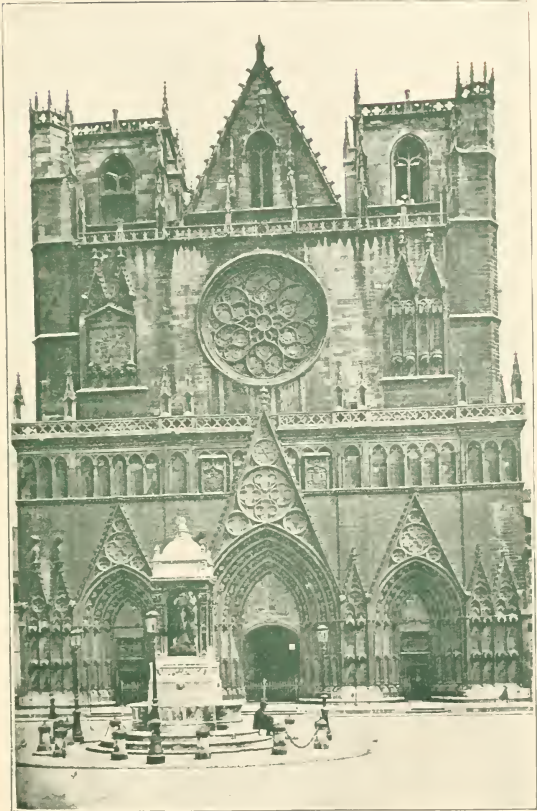
V IENNE is twenty miles distant from Lyons. In less than an hour I reached the hotel. If I give its name, so they tell me, it will look as if I were paid for doing so, and as I have not been paid — My companion from Saint-Étienne has come there to meet me, after dinner, with one of his friends, — a journalist like himself, belonging to the Liberal press at Lyons, and like him, too, a man of a generous heart, intelligent and sincere. Thanks to them, I am able to know what places I ought to visit in the short time I have to spend in Lyons. Being free until tomorrow evening, as the Abbé Lagrange does not arrive until six o'clock, I shall do well, from what they say, to study the question of the social assistance and education of the poor

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in some characteristic institutions. One of my friends will accompany me in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Thus, I shall at the same time be seeing the town, its two rivers, the fine Cathedral of St. John, and its famous Place Bellecour. As to Fourvière and its basilica with its extensive view, the Abbé will show me them. Thus no time will be wasted, and I shall have the pleasure of being with agreeable companions and getting from each one all he can give me.

Lyons has impressed me more than any other town in France. Paris is not a town, it is a world; and one can say nothing about the Parisian character because it comprehends every type. But one may say of the Lyonnese character that it is grave and discreet, active and contemplative, cold in appearance but warm in reality; usually melancholy like the fogs of its Saône, but capable of becoming enthusiastic, just as, at certain times, its sky becomes splendidly bright. "A Northern race strayed into the South," as one of its best sons has said. "A race of thoughtful workers who, while turning their gaze upwards, yet know how to make the best of the earth."¹

¹ Ed. Aynard.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN, LYONS

1875

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Lyons is a personality, like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston ; but how much more impressive, with its long and unbroken history, its origin dating back before the Christian era ; with the emperors and martyrs who were born there, with its two Ecumenical Councils, with its industries established more than five hundred years ago, and its hospitals dating from the Merovingians.

It seems almost incredible, and yet it is a fact, that among the seven institutions united under the name of hospitals and which date back to different periods, the first one, called the Hôtel-Dieu, was founded in 542 by Childibert, King of the Franks. Who can name me the chief of the Indian tribe then reigning on the reedy soil from which sprang, in 1803, our town of Chicago, which is to-day five times as large as Lyons? The second hospital, the *Charité*, was founded in 1531, with the proceeds of collections and with the gifts of the inhabitants. The other five, however, were not added at intervals of a thousand years. By the way, I was told that when the nuns were expelled, the commissioner of police having asked the Mother Superior of a convent of Fourvière from what government she held her authority, the good sister simply

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answered that it was from King Childebert. Anyway, the house was closed, perhaps because the original document was missing.

The peculiarity of the Lyons hospitals does not consist in their age alone. By a phenomenon as extraordinary here as it would be normal with us and in England, they are supported by voluntary contributions and by their own revenues, amounting to nearly four million francs; they receive nothing from the State, the town, or the Department, and, which is still more surprising, their administration is quite autonomous. They have nothing to do with the Government except to pay their enormous taxes on donations and legacies. America would never impose a tax on any charity any more than on education; but in France it is customary, and the directors of the Lyons hospitals feel themselves more enchanted with their independence than grieved at this abuse. Security that is founded on time-honored possession and the unshaken attachment of the people is a great privilege. The Lyons hospitals weathered the storms of the great Revolution without eclipse, and after the tempest which carried away all the rest, they still kept their staff, their rules, their buildings, and a quarter of their revenues.

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The feeling of security is very rare among Frenchmen, and I must own that the state of their politics does not tend to encourage it. If they, like ourselves, really felt free in their actions and sure of the morrow, the generosity which is natural to them would soon cause them to create over the whole extent of their territory, and without any State aid, the necessary means for the assistance, preservation, and elevation of the people, for their moral and intellectual progress; and the national budget would thus be relieved. But, far from considering the institutions of private initiative as auxiliaries, the Government only too often looks on them as rivals to be suppressed, especially if religion has the smallest place in them. Here again the Lyons hospitals are favored. They have been able to keep — and so far nothing has threatened their existence or employment — the eight hundred Sisters who serve and nurse their ten thousand patients. They are not allowed to be dependent on any order, but only on the civil administration of the hospitals, which recruit them, have them trained, and place or remove them according to the exigencies of service; and their wise organization, which dates back three centuries, prevents them from being regarded as nuns,

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though they have the same spirit of devotion. Besides, their presence does not offer the least danger to liberty of conscience. Protestant and Jewish worship is arranged for those who wish it, and even the absence of any religion does not involve any difference of treatment or consideration.

The progress which of late years has been made in every branch of philanthropic work could not fail to manifest itself at Lyons. For nowhere else are there so many good men actively engaged in business. Nowhere do we find so many eminent men dividing their lives into two parts,—the one devoted to charity, the other to commerce. Caring little to fill any public offices, which are, besides, mostly closed to them, they know how to esteem correctly the more fruitful mission which remains open, that of organizing and directing all that relates to work and benevolence. It would, then, have been surprising if a city like Lyons had not possessed that excellent organization called the Central Office for Charitable Works, which answers to, and is perhaps even more perfect than, our charity organization societies.

On leaving the Hôtel-Dieu and the office of M. Jules P——, President of the General

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Council of City Hospitals, I followed his advice and went, with a note of introduction from him, to call on his predecessor, Mr. S——, who is at the head of the Central Office. Mr. S—— explained all the workings of the system. I admired the insistence with which he urged me to visit the Paris office, which, he said, was more important and was founded by the well-known philanthropist, M. Léon L——, who has succeeded in making it a model of its kind. I told him my father had no doubt seen it, and that I myself was on the eve of sailing.

“Since, then,” he answered modestly, “you are satisfied with our office, I will explain the working very quickly, *à l'américaine*. You see that it is arranged just like a business house. We have offices, clerks, and different departments. The little budget of expenses for service, and the larger one for the relief fund, are both completely supported by private initiative. We have been founded in order to give to societies and private individuals wishing to dispense charity all the information they need. Here we have special documents concerning all the different works of the city and the district, which are innumerable and various, and ready to give succor in every kind

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of misfortune. If a certain case of distress has its specialists, we say so; we show charitable persons where they can go in order to find a home for a child, an adult, an old man, an infirm person, or an incurable, to succor those who have seen better days, to relieve some passing distress, or to make an advance to a workman for the tools he needs. We also give benefactors any information concerning the poor who ask alms of them. We unmask those who are professional beggars, and thus prevent the exercise of indiscriminate charity. To sum up, we succeed in effecting an immense saving of time and money, and in facilitating to an enormous extent the distribution of charity."

Such was his brief and clear explanation. In half an hour I quite understood all about the work, and could go on to something else. I thanked my admirable cicerone, and told him that he must excel in directing any inquiries whatever their object might be.

"Whatever may be their object," he replied, "is saying rather too much. We refuse all demands for information which does not solely refer to some kind of charitable work. We sometimes have applications concerning marriages or commercial credit, which we

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ignore. We did not even accede to the request of a worthy lady who some time ago asked us to keep an eye on her husband."

On leaving, we went to the Central Office, that of M. Auguste I——, President of the Chamber of Commerce, who had accepted our visit by telephone.

"If you go on like this," said my companion, "you will know Lyons better in one day than I do after ten years."

This idea was by no means displeasing. It amuses me to hurry these tranquil Lyonnese and to show them how we do things.

When the President was informed of my wishes, he smiled benevolently and expressed himself as quite willing to do his best to give me a rapid sketch. It is really astonishing to see how much I learned from him in a few moments,—for instance, that the town of Lyons has a trade amounting to nearly two thousand million francs, that it is principally engaged in the silk manufacture, this town alone producing a third of what is made in the world; that it also has other industries, such as machine-making, glass works, photographic materials—without mentioning the rest; so that every day it becomes more bold

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and enterprising. It utilizes the hydraulic force of the Alps and furnishes the capital and managing staff of the electric transports throughout the whole of France, and also for mining exploitation in Russia, besides all kinds of enterprises in the French colonies and the Far East. When I asked him to pass on to what concerned moral progress, hoping to glean some information which might be of service to my father, he recommended me to notice the societies for mutual aid, which offer to nearly seventy thousand members pensions varying from sixty to three hundred francs, and even rising as high as four hundred francs for workers in silk factories. But he especially drew my attention, among other social works, to the *Enseignement professionnel* and to the Union of Scholastic Associations.

As regards the first, I have remembered very little, except that it is rapidly developing and that its chief branch, the *Société d'Enseignement* of the Rhone, founded twenty-two years ago, numbers about seven thousand pupils in its one hundred and fifty evening classes, and among them—a fact quite remarkable for France—as many women as men. This teaching, which must not be confused with

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the professional schools, appears to enlightened minds the most efficient means of elevating the working classes, provided that we do not propose to teach the pupil a trade, but rather by special and appropriate instruction to perfect him in the profession of which he already knows something.

The Union of Scholastic Associations of the Lyonnese district is indeed one of the best and most intelligent organizations that I have met with in France. In that country, which is so little tolerant, and which in a few years has closed more than ten thousand schools, costing the Government nothing, but having members of brotherhoods as masters, they have yet respected until now the principle of liberty of instruction; and if it ever disappeared, it would certainly be for only a short time, so inseparable does it seem to be from the spirit of modern institutions. The means of preserving this principle is to apply it, to maintain it always in action, and to interest the greatest possible number of citizens to that effect. Until now education has always belonged for the most part to the State and for the rest to the Church, to different Orders, and to some private individuals or to committees of patrons; never, in short, to those

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who ought to be the most interested in it, to the fathers and mothers of families. Is it not chiefly on them and their friends that the existence of free education should be made to depend? Once established on this wide basis, it would be far more difficult to overthrow; it is easy to close the school of a religious society, of a *curé*, or of some rich man; it would be far more difficult to close one which had been built, paid for, and administered by a large number of citizens who, on account of services received from it and rendered to it, have made it their own property, their personal interest. The clergy would understand that they can lose nothing by such a regime; the priest, like every other citizen, being a member of the association, would take a leading part in all that concerns religion, but as regards material necessities he would be glad to see himself relieved of one of his greatest anxieties at the very moment when the separation has created for him so many others. In reality this excellent organization is established throughout the Lyonnese district, and produces most favorable results.

The hour was approaching for the appointment which I had made on the Place

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Saint-Jean with Abbé Lagrange. Our hand-clasp was most cordial, even more so than I had expected. Evidently our friendship had made some progress, as often happens, during our separation, thanks to the letters we had exchanged. Nevertheless, we did not put this feeling into words.

We soon entered the cathedral. It seems that it is magnificent, but it was quite impossible for me to form any judgment, either because I was too tired after my long day, or rather because, being nearly sundown, it was almost dark.

We stayed there only a short time and, on leaving, took the funiculaire, or lift, curiously called *la ficelle* (the string), which takes one to the top of Fourvière Hill. On this hill, the centre of the Roman town, — as its name, *forum vetus*, or ancient forum, indicates, — the first martyrs of Lyons were put to death in 177. A pilgrimage in honor of the Virgin was established there in the ninth century, which has been very popular since the sixteenth century, and even more so since 1870. At that date the Lyonnese promised Our Lady of Fourvière that they would erect a new church there should they be preserved from invasion by the Germans. They have kept

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their word and have built her a sanctuary as marvellous for its wealth as for its originality.

This evening we saw only the exterior, as they were just closing the doors, to the great disappointment of the Abbé. For myself, I regarded with more surprise than admiration the four towers and the crenellated walls, which make it resemble a kind of fortress, — “the mystic defence of the town,” the Abbé calls it, — language which I can scarcely comprehend. And he adds that everything in this monument is symbolic ; that nothing is meaningless, but that every detail, whether under the form of a flower, a dove, or an angel, represents a prophecy or an allusion to the life of the Virgin. His “poem in stone,” as he calls it, does not appeal to me. The extravagant devotion in the Romish Church toward Mary and the other saints is one of the rare things which have the power of irritating me.

Happily the panorama that we see from the terrace soon restored my good humor. At our feet and separated from us by a green slope, the great town stretches carelessly along the banks of its two rivers ; and beyond in the far distance the majestic chain of the Alps raises its snowy peaks in the clear sky, the summit of Mont Blanc dominating the rest.



THE BASILICA OF FOURVIÈRE

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I have never seen anything like it before. We remained silent for some time.

At length Abbé Lagrange, who always guesses what is passing in my mind, asks:

“Well, are you reconciled to Fourvière?”

“I prefer the horizon to the basilica.”

“Certainly, it is difficult to rival the Architect of the Alps. But do own that it is not simply a question of æsthetics for you.”

“Well, I will be frank. I am astounded that a Christian such as you can share these superstitions.”

In a somewhat saddened tone, though with no trace of vexation, the Abbé then explained to me the sentiment which induces Catholics to venerate—not adore, as is often said—the heroes of their faith, and the mother of our Saviour above all others. Being satisfied on this point, I asked him why they prayed to the saints instead of addressing themselves simply to God. This gave him an opportunity of explaining the solidarity which unites souls to each other and all of them to Christ,—views which appeared to me splendid and nearly succeeded in disarming me.

In order to be perfectly loyal, I asked him if the superstitious practices with which we reproach Catholics are only imaginary.

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“No, certainly not,” he replied. “There are among us many devotional practices which are carried to excess and which cannot be too much blamed. But they have never been considered obligatory.”

“Well, that would be going a little too far!” I exclaimed impulsively.

“You are right,” said the Abbé, laughing; “and what is better still is that several bishops of late years have condemned all devotions to which any profit is attached; among them, if I remember rightly, the Bishop of Nice and the Bishop of Trèves. And you should see what the Abbé Hemmer says of them.”

“But Rome, your great Rome?”

“This very year the cardinal vicar has officially forbidden in the diocese of Rome the cult of St. Expédit, — one of the saints, however, who may well be acquitted of all the foolishness imputed to them, as, for his part, he has never existed.” And the Abbé laughed as much as I did; then he added:

“You see, my dear friend, that the faults of our Church nearly all proceed from her nineteen centuries of existence and because her children are of every country and civilization. It is always trying to be immortal and universal; but there are compensations.”

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This kind of apology did not displease me. In passing by the basilica to go down to Lyons I found that in some way the walls appeared less severe and forbidding, and I had no difficulty in promising to return there the next morning before my departure. It will be my last day in France, because I shall take the ten o'clock express, so that I can arrive in Paris the same evening, and at Havre a few hours later.

That morning will long remain in my memory. I had gone to bed early and slept until five o'clock. On awaking then, I made all my arrangements so that from Fourvière I could go direct to the station at Perrache. After a hasty walk in a thick fog I arrived at the lift. There I found the Abbé waiting for me, and we went up together to the basilica, where he was going to say mass. Before the steps leading up to the front entrance I stopped, hesitating whether I should accompany him or not. He waited in silence.

"I will come and fetch you after your mass," I decided after a long pause. "I am going to see the terrace again."

And while he entered the church alone, I turned, hoping to find the same spectacle

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which had so impressed me the evening before.

How changed it was! Not the least glimpse of the mountains in the distance; and the town itself, enveloped in a thick mist, could not be discerned except by confused and scarcely perceptible sounds. Beneath was the cold and half-obscure atmosphere, while up here all was light and pleasant warmth. My mind unconsciously responded to these outward impressions and was touched by the contrast. Yielding I hardly knew to what attraction, I retraced my steps to the front of the building. I passed the granite lion with its calm and majestic aspect, slowly ascended the twenty-two steps which lead up to the bronze gates, and entered the nave of the basilica.

The effect was dazzling. Just as the exterior justified by its massive strength the name of "tower of ivory," so the interior, by its grace, realized the ideal of the "house of gold" of which the mystic architects of Fourvière dreamt. The white pedestals sculptured with doves' nests, the slender grace of the blue marble pillars, the floral decorations of the capitals, the lace-like tracery of the stone galleries and the sculptured nervures

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which support the three cupolas with their rich mosaics, all the sweet and elevating charm of this architecture, blending with no jarring note the graces of the Gothic, Roman, and Arabic styles, insensibly raises and enraptures the soul; and this is but the natural effect of that tender and confiding devotion which Catholics feel for the Mother of Christ. At the end of the choir, under a ciborium supported by six pillars of porphyry, before a statue of the Virgin framed in an aureole, is a sculptured marble altar blazing with lights. But the real illumination was that which streamed through the oblong windows of the apse, through the delicate colors of the stained glass, making the whole church glow with the splendor and joy of the rising sun.

Still it was not these visible marvels which most impressed me. I admired still more the devotion of the crowd kneeling absorbed in prayer and the gentle gravity of my friend, whom I recognized at the high altar, as he turned with eyes lowered and arms outstretched to implore God's blessing upon us. His wish must have been heard, for I felt myself conscious of some gracious influence. Far from, and at the same time very near to,

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these sincere souls, I ended by uniting with them and joining my adoration and prayers to theirs, feeling as deeply religious as I had ever done in our own churches, and penetrated besides with a tender emotion which I had never yet experienced.

Some time had passed without my noticing it, when I perceived the Abbé Lagrange approaching with another priest and inviting me to follow them. On leaving the church, I was introduced to the Rector of Fourvière, a most affable man who, one could see, was really overflowing with kindness. He insisted on offering us breakfast, which I was easily persuaded to accept, being glad to see a little more of him. But already his little parlor contained two other travellers,—a silent priest and a loquacious prelate, whose indefinable accent left me in doubt as to whether he was a stranger travelling in France, or a Frenchman who had lived some time abroad. Nor did I clearly distinguish whether he was a bishop or some other dignitary.

As soon as I had been introduced to him, he asked me what I thought of “the miserable state of France.” Rather astonished, I replied that in fact many things in this country appeared to me other than they

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ought to be, but that I still found it quite good enough to live in.

“Oh! for Jews, freemasons, and Protestants, no doubt, but for Catholics —”

“Monseigneur,” interposed Abbé Lagrange, “my friend Lionel Ferguson belongs to the Episcopal Church.”

“There are Protestants who are in good faith,” answered the prelate, in a condescending tone, which, but for a glance from the Abbé, would have made me really angry.

“So then,” said the Rector, in order to save the situation, “our France does not displease you?”

“Certainly not,” I answered decidedly. “All that it wants is a little toleration.”

“The Republic,” said the prelate, “tolerates only those who do not deserve it, the enemies of God.”

“God has no enemies,” I replied naively, “and every one should be tolerated.”

The Rector thereupon began to praise President Roosevelt. But the prelate, without paying attention, continued:

“I grant that one should be good to persons.”

“You grant so much?” asked my friend the Abbé in a low tone.

“But a government which is in power ought

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to prevent errors from spreading abroad. Unbelief and heresy are just as much evils as murder, and all the more to be dreaded because the life of the soul is more important than that of the body. In a country like your own, sir, it is quite admissible for the Government to practise tolerance; but a true Catholic power in a country really Catholic ought to forbid the publication and propagandism of bad ideas as much as loose morals. This was done in the Republic of Ecuador by the great Garcia Moreno, the only ruler in our times who has thoroughly understood his duty. The Inquisition, so much calumniated, had no other end in view."

"But," I asked, "while waiting for the return of the Inquisition, who is to be the judge of wrong ideas? And even in the bosom of your Church are there not such, or at least what are said to be such?"

"There are too many, alas! in our days, with these innovators who, under the pretext of science and without any respect for tradition, authority, or reason itself, completely upset, not only philosophy, but the most venerable principles of theology and sacred history. When one sees what manuals are used in many of our seminaries, and what is taught to-day in

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certain Catholic universities in France and Germany; when one hears so-called Christians and even priests speaking with sympathy, some of the republic and democracy, others of the new methods of criticism; when, in a word, one must acknowledge that on every side there is this audacious expansion of heresies — But, patience! We shall soon put this in order.”

“Ah, yes, Monseigneur,” said the Rector, gayly, “you will see that all will be happily settled.”

After these pleasing words we all rose, but it was impossible to restore the Abbé to serenity. We bowed stiffly to the Bishop, and I shook hands affectionately with the Rector.

The descent to Fourvière was somewhat melancholy. We scarcely exchanged twenty words before leaving the lift. In the carriage on our way to the station, we were quite silent. The Abbé's face was hidden, but he could not conceal his emotion.

“Is it because of our separation?” I asked gently, taking his hand.

He made a sign that it was not.

“Then it is what we have just heard?”

He lifted his head, and his glance sufficiently expressed his feelings.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN FRANCE

I bent toward him :

“ My friend, listen to me: if one day I become a member of your Church, it will be on account of the ideal which you have presented to me.”

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